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OUR BRAVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

O! cheer for our gallant Soldier Boys,
Who changed for war's alarms home's joys,
And let the pyre
Whose glorious fire
Shall fiercer burn and blaze yet higher,
'Till the trait'rous snake is to ashes burned

O! cheer for our gallant Union Tars
Whose triumphs o'er the "Stars and Bars"
Shall live in fame,
While the glorious name
Of our land endures. With glad acclaim
Let the Nation's thanks to them be paid.

O! shout for all, by land or sea,'
Who fight the battles of the Free;
Their bold emprise
And victories
Shall give them "fame that never dies"
In the ransomed Union's chronicles.

U. S. A. Hospital, Chester, Penn. A. M. S.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND—APPROPRIATING THE DOCUMENTS—THAT ACCURSED WOUND—THE MYSTERIOUS SPY—THE FLIGHT OF LIGHT—HIS THWARTED PURPOSES.

"Yes," muttered Ephraim Light to himself, "as the old proverb says, 'A bird in the hand—a bird in the hand!'"

Soon as he returned to the Grange from his interview with Silas, he mounted to the remote room in which, hidden almost from his own servants, Hugh Bernard crouched. He appeared deathly pale and wretchedly ill. His wickedness did not affect him. His conscience was not pricked by the mother's death, or the weary misery he had inflicted on Lucy Marsden. It was the shame of exposure which had branded him to the quick. The reader may have surmised that it was not Mr. Light's private intention to wait for the result of the sale, but to make as large a pecuniary haul as he could and be off at once.

"You see, Captain, it's Friday," he began to Bernard, "and this sale's on Wednesday; and I must step up to town to-morrow, to realize as much as I can, so that we have as much cash to take with us as we conveniently can—eh?"

Bernard merely assented by an action.

"So I'll realize for you at the same time—eh? It's an awkward job. I wish I'd never seen you, Captain; but of course, as it has come to this, it's no use as a Christian, taking to grumble, but we must do the best one can. You've got some North-Western scrip, haven't ye?"

"Eight thousand," replied Bernard.

"Let me see, ninety-five and a half. They'll realize a pretty sum—a very pretty sum."

Bernard made some fretful observation.

"Why are you so down-hearted? In another country—under a new name—you'll be as proud and as grand as ever you were. It's money makes the mare to go—eh?—and you'll have enough to keep a dozen in full gallop. There's some bank shares, too; and there——"

"You know as well as I do," replied Bernard, "what there is. The papers, the bonds, the stock—whatever they are—are all in the iron safe down stairs."

"I'll take 'em up to town with me on Monday," declared Light, "and turn 'em all into cash."

Bernard closed his lips in pain.

"What an odd thing it is," proceeded Light, in what Bernard chose to consider a most unfeeling tone, "that that wound of yours keeps hanging about for so long. Your constitution must have been in an awfully bad state, I fancy."

"I wish to heaven," cried Bernard, "that you would not for ever be referring to this accursed wound. It's quite nuisance enough to suffer, without being constantly reminded of it by your lips."

"I beg your pardon," retorted Light, sneeringly. "I most humbly beg your pardon. I'll take the words out of my mouth and look at 'em before I speak 'em in the future."

Bernard knew that so much depended on Light, that he felt he had been most imprudent in even risking giving him offence. So he hastened to remove all cause for anger.

"You must remember, I am an invalid," he explained, almost apologetically.

"All right," replied Light. "We're too good friends to fall out. All right. I'll just go down stairs, look over the securities, and see what can be turned into money."

Ephraim Light then descended to a small library on the ground floor, in which, let into the wall, there was an iron chest. The shadows of night were rapidly banishing the grey tint which spoke of the departing day. It was that "owl's light," so favorable for reflection. Light, in his solitude, did not seek to hide an exultation which made his heart throb and his cheek glow. For long years he had calculated the possibility of being suddenly obliged to quit his native land. He knew that the kind of business he conducted was as perilous as it was dishonest, and that the crash might come at any moment. Thus, ever present in his mind, and always ready, were the means of flight. He had calculated the route he was to take—the place which was to afford him refuge, so that now the blow had fallen he was by no means unprepared. But the fact which gave him the most delight was the control which he possessed, through Bernard, over the fortunes of the Marsdens. His very fingers tingled, as one by one he turned over the securities, and saw how readily they were available. In a couple of days the flimsy papers would be changed into hard, solid cash; and he——

Away on the ocean, on the path to another land. But before Bernard he must preserve a cold exterior; he must proceed with all the minute arrangements of the sale. Once away he cared not. Let Miss Marsden return—what then? The secret between herself and Bernard, and which he himself shared, would keep both quiet. Should Miss Marsden not return—what then? Inquiries would be made—the police would be employed—Bernard might be charged—— but he himself would be away, and let Bernard hang, he cared not. Light soon replaced the securities which he had determined to appropriate, and rejoined Bernard.

"Come," he said, "Captain, don't be so miserable. Let's have a cutlet and a bottle of port. Plenty of beeswing in the Marsden cellars, I should fancy, eh?"

"Have what you like," replied Bernard.

So he ordered up cutlets and a magnum of port. Under the influence of the meal and the liquor the spirits of Bernard began to rise. Light amused him with tales of the future. How they would escape to a South American port, and how the power of gold should buy them respect, position—title, if it were needed.

"It will sound well, eh?" laughed Light—"the Count de Bernard, Knight of Santa Maria, Companion of the Order of St. James."

Bernard insensibly drifted into these dreams of ambition.

"And supposing Miss Marsden does come up to the surface," reasoned Light, "that's no reason why you should always remain at the bottom. That little confidence between ye has served ye before, and 'twill serve ye again, too, if I ain't out of my reckoning."

Bernard rubbed his hands and smiled.

"That's right. Now you're your old self again. That's right. I declare, that smile o' yours makes me feel quite comfortable. It is never so bad but that it might be very much worse. We mightn't have had any capital to start with you know."

They thus both retired to rest exultingly; but both were in the paradise of fools. For, from the next morning, an eye unseen by him ever watched Ephraim Light—a footstep he never heard was ever behind his own. It peered through the window panes—it glanced from behind trees. Wherever he went it followed, so that his minutest action did not escape observation. It was the pupil that he had himself trained who was thus avenging himself upon his master. Longshore Dick, who had been summoned by Silas, animated by the most deadly hate at the bare suspicion of betrayal, was ever on his track. He went out in the park, the hunchback was behind him. He was at dinner—the hunchback was at the window. He slept—the hunchback watched his waking. So that when—the securities in his pocket—the money lender left for London, he was followed by the deformed, who once had been his abject creature, but who was now the instrument of his threatened destruction. It was with some little dread that, arrived in town, he for the first time entered his office. He felt a sensible relief when he found that no word of Lucy Marsden's imprisonment and abduction had reached the public ear. Still he felt it indispensable to be at once cautious and quick. The next morning he had a passage taken from Liverpool to America under another name. The same day he went to the city. There he turned every available security—every bond, every share belonging either to himself or Bernard—into money. With this he went to the markets and purchased jewels, in order to condense the value into the smallest possible compass. But every step was dogged by the hunchback, who took frequent opportunities, by arrangement, to communicate the results of his close espionage to Silas. When Light had accomplished all this part of his plan, he sought his offices. It was night, and except the old housekeeper, there was nobody in the building but himself. Then he darkened his eyebrows, cut his hair short and concealed it beneath a wig; put on a false moustache, changed his clothes, and, in a disguise he deemed no one could penetrate, passed into the street. But Longshore Dick was on his path. Then away to Liverpool, hugging himself on the success of his plan—laughing at the dismay of Bernard—the disappointment of Longshore Dick and Silas. But Longshore Dick and Silas were also in the train. Liverpool reached, he sought a bed at the hotel, preparatory to starting by the Persia in the morning. But every precaution he had taken—every resolution he had encouraged—was known to Longshore and Silas. They took their measures accordingly. Silas went that night to a clothier's and purchased a plain suit of clothes, in which he appeared like a respectable clerk. Longshore Dick then wrote for him a letter to the captain of the Persia, the purport of which was that the bearer was the manager of the well-known firm of Messrs. Rundell & Storr, the jewelers. That the firm had been robbed of a vast amount of precious stones by Ephraim Light, and that they had been traced into the innocent possession of Mr. Abraham Carson. Abraham Carson was the name in which Light had taken his passage. In the morning, therefore, when Mr. Carson presented himself on board of the Persia, he was requested to step down into the captain's cabin. There, to his astonishment, he met Silas and a Liverpool detective officer.

"There is not, Mr. Carson," said the captain, "the slightest imputation on your honor or your honesty. But I am afraid, sir, you have been made a victim of. A Mr. Light, it appears, has stolen a large number of unset stones, which he has disposed of to you. These jewels are the property of Messrs. Rundell & Storr, whose manager is here to receive them. Here is the letter of the firm."

Light could scarcely master his indignation when he recognised the handwriting of Longshore Dick. He flushed and hesitated.

"It will be my duty, to search you, sir," said the detective, "if you deny their possession."

What could Light do?

"I must have the direct authority of Messrs. Rundell & Storr. The matter must be made very much clearer before I can consent to give up so large an amount of property."

"If you are not satisfied with this letter," said Silas, in the choicest English he could muster, "perhaps it would be as well for you to come on shore, sir, and explain the circumstances fully in London."

Light saw that he was bitten.

"It will be necessary for you to remain, sir," said the detective, "to give evidence in the case."

"I have the authority of Messrs. Rundell," said Silas, "to take this gentleman's word of honor that, in case he had urgent business in America, he would return to be a witness if necessary."

"My business in New York is urgent," remarked Light.

"You'll be so good as to give up the diamonds, sir."

Light, with a curse which he dared not utter, took out the leathern case in which they were packed, and threw it on the table. Silas smiled, as he watched the vindictive glance of Light as he lifted up the precious parcel.

"Well, gentlemen," exclaimed the captain, "I must put you ashore! the Persia starts to the second! It's rather a disagreeable matter for you, Mr. Carson."

An idea of vengeance struck Light like an electric flash.

"May I ask who takes charge of this valuable parcel?"

"I do, for the owner!" said Silas.

"I entirely object to that. I by no means acknowledge they were stolen. I, you admit, came by them honestly. I am quite content to leave them in the hands of a third party—this gentleman, for instance," pointing to the detective.

"Perfectly fair and straightforward!" cried the captain. "The Messrs. Rundell can't object to such a course. To prevent disputes, I'll seal the packet with my own private seal."

The captain, unheeding the dismay of Silas, proceeded to put his suggestion into execution. The detective and the discomfitted Silas returned ashore, while the Persia started on her Atlantic voyage. So it happened that neither of these consummate rogues obtained the jewels, in which all Light's money, and a great portion of Miss Marsden's, had been invested.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOPE FOR THE SUFFERING—LUCY'S DELIVERANCE—ALMOST DROWNED—THE RESCUE—VINDICTIVENESS REBUKED—THE FIRST AND LAST KISS.

Welcome as the sight of his native shore to the homesick sailor was the sound of the warning-gun of the Government vessel to Lucy Marsden. By that wonderful intuition which, though external, yet becomes a part of our human nature, the booming roar over the ocean smote her ear with the note of freedom. Almost had she begun to despair, and to deem that Heaven itself had abandoned her. But the reverberating noise of the gun roused her to hope once more. But she was not the only one to possess this strange, indefinite knowledge of her approaching liberation. Others there were on board who had connected the rapid nearing of the Government steamer with the presence of their mysterious passenger. This belief was especially strong in the breast of chief mate, Williams. It was perfectly true that he had no further communication with Lucy beyond that short converse which had awoke a suspicion so soon to be temporarily allayed by the captain.

"Temporarily" is the precise word; for, despite of the assertions of his superior officer, he had still a vague doubt that all was not, as he expressed it, on the square, so that the shotted gun heard with such joy by Lucy was not wholly unwelcome to the conscientious chief mate. The coarse, imperturbable Mrs. Raggen, even, was not unaffected by the signal of the approaching ship. People who live with the sword of fate suspended by the single hair over their unprotected head, tremble at every passing breeze which threatens to disturb its equilibrium. Since the white cliffs of old England had faded in the prevailing blue of the outstretching horizon, Mrs. Raggen deemed herself secure; but when the swift-pursuing vessel gained moment by moment on the ship which carried her, she rightly enough construed it as an omen fraught with evil to her who was so active a partizan in the wicked plot. Soon as the Jessie Arnold had obeyed the hoarse, imperative summons of H. M. S. Fury, a calm—the placid stillness which succeeds the raging storm—spread itself over the innocent soul of Lucy Marsden. To her, its rough voice sounded like the hallowed melody of coming peace. The seamen of the Fury, partially animated with the same species of earnest intensity which pervaded Athol and Latour, speedily lowered the boat and rowed the pursuers to the Jessie Arnold, now lying tossing, but still unprogressive, on the waves. The earliest to ascend the tall, heaving sides of the Indiaman was the artist, Athol. The next moment he was in the midst of an eager explanation with Capt. Staunton. Fairly enough he was told the whole circumstances attending the embarkation of Lucy. The captain absolutely shuddered as he heard the story from the lips of Athol, the truth of whose statement was so thoroughly proved by the sworn affidavits with which he was provided.

"You will, I hope, acquit both myself and my owners," said the captain, "of any design in this most atrocious plot. On the word of a sailor——"

"Enough, sir!" responded Athol. "I am convinced of your innocence, at least. Indeed, the delight I experience of being able, although at the last moment, to extricate a lady from so wicked a design, almost compensates me for all the anxieties which the duty has entailed."

"Williams!" exclaimed the captain in answer, "send up Miss Marsden and her attendant."

"Miss Marsden, sir?" replied the chief mate, with something of satire in the tone; "we have no such name entered on our passenger list."

"Mrs. Jarvis, then," answered the captain—"as quickly as possible—Mrs. Jarvis!"

The chief mate at once descended, and in a brief time both Lucy and Mrs. Raggen were on deck. Athol scarcely dared to glance on his beloved, lest the sight of her pale, worn, and suffering face should wake a passion in his breast which he would be unable to control. Lucy, too, forbore to gaze on him on whom every pulsation of her being lingered with such fond and ardent worship. Still was she happy, for she felt his presence, and she knew that she was safe. The person most to be pitied in that tranquil but joyous scene of re-union was the wicked Mrs. Raggen. Her face became of the yellow tint of death, her eyes trembled and shifted, her voice shook, and her whole frame was palsied. Her attempted explanations took so palpably the form of an excuse, that no looker on could have listened without the clearest possible conviction of her guilt. Captain Staunton cut short her further stammering explanations by an inquiry of Athol as to his intentions.

"Can you ask, Captain Staunton?" replied the artist. "It must be my duty to conduct this lady back to London to her friends."

"I can offer no opposition," answered the captain. "I can only express my deepest regret that I should have been the unwilling participator in such a scheme."

The boat of H. M. S. Fury was lying under the stern, and amid the whispered sympathies of the passengers and crew of the vessel she was leaving, Lucy Marsden prepared to descend. Her eyes, as she was going down, met those of Latour in the boat, who, speechless with emotion, could yet welcome his dear mistress with a silence hardly less eloquent than words. It was at the moment of parting with the ship which had been her prison that an incident occurred which, beyond any other recorded in this history, showed the divine forgiving nature of the angelic Lucy. As she left the Indiaman, in all the pride of a beauty which suffering had refined rather than destroyed, the crew greeted her departure with a ringing cheer. Lucy replied by a sweet smile as she sat down in the boat of the man of war. Then she started and turned pale. A yell, wild, indescribable as a chorus of madmen, burst from the crew of the vessel, as from that of the boat. 'Twas at Mrs. Raggen, who attempted to follow her victim. Lucy rose, and detecting the cause of the uproar, lifted her hand.

"Forgive the wicked!" she cried, in her soft, musical voice. "'Tis an attribute of heaven, which mortals should copy as they worship."

This expostulation, so graceful and so tender, allayed but did not subdue the storm. Nervously, as one in mortal fear, Mrs. Raggen began to follow Lucy into the boat. Her dread was natural, for she knew that she was alone on the waters, amongst men of whom every one was a deadly enemy. She felt, such was her retribution, that her victim was her only friend. The hardy seamen bent to their oars, and, let us hope, by accident they gave the boat a slight way during the moment that Mrs. Raggen was entering. Shivering in her terror, the foot of the poor wretch slipped, and she sank down, down into the ocean depths! Lucy screamed with horror, for though there was great apparent general bustle, it was too evident that no one individual made an earnest exertion to save the drowning woman. The sailors, unheeding, scarcely deigned an expression of regret. But the deeps of Lucy's nature were stirred, as she thought of the unhappy one drowning into eternity, with all her sin upon her soul. Standing in the boat, she implored the men to stay their labor and aid the perishing woman. For a few moments they paused. Then it was that, gliding up, up through the green and foaming sea, swayed within it as a feather in a gale, rose up the insensible body of the tormentor close to the victim. At the peril of her own life, Lucy grasped the half-dead woman as she was about to sink once more, and for the last time. The boatswain, though he could have struck Mrs. Raggen down, and gratified an impulse in so doing, looked at the tender, pitying expression in the face of Lucy Marsden, changed his impulse, and stretched out his hand to save the woman whom, but for Lucy Marsden, he would have left to perish. True Mrs. Raggen was in the boat at last, but none could prevailed upon to aid in her recovery. Even Athol, remembering the willing instrument she had been, turned away. Lucy it was whom most she had injured, and Lucy only who wiped the sea-foam from her lips and poured the reviving spirit in her mouth. Let us forestall a portion of our history, and rid ourselves of this detestable being at once. She recovered only partially under Lucy's ministration. Seized by a fever, which she baffled long, but to which she was at last compelled to succumb, she died in the ward of a London hospital, and unmourned and unfollowed, was laid in a pauper's grave.

* * * * *

The pure sweep of the glorious moonlight tipped the foam-crests of the ever-heaving waves. On the deck of the man-of-war, fast nearing the shores of England, stood Lucy and Athol.

"Athol," whispered Lucy, "from what have you preserved me—for what am I still reserved?"

"For happiness," returned Athol—"for peace."

"No," replied Lucy, "in my heart peace can never be, and where peace is absent happiness can find no hope. Athol, I must never see you again; I must fly temptation, for my soul so dotes on you, Athol, that were you to be ever near I should forget the stern resolve imposed by duty, and——"

Athol spoke not, but think him not effeminate, reader, that a tear, denoting his inward agony, glittered within his eye.

"Nothing, Lucy, can change or modify this resolution?"

"Nothing, Athol, nothing. Our feet touch that shore, and we wander away, each from each, never to be reunited till those blue heavens are rent, Athol, as this world is passing away."

The face of Athol looked yet more deathly pale in the moonlight, and wore an expression of the deepest misery.

"Heaven bless you, Athol! The vessel is nearing the shore. Soon to part, but ever to be remembered. Heaven bless you!"

Tossing with the surface of the water, resting on it yet flowing with it, Lucy Marsden recognized the old mystic sign of her house—the circle of moonlight and the huge two-handed sword within. As in the glade of the forest, so on the swell of the sea. Fatigue and excitement had told upon her frame, and recognizing the mysterious appearance, Lucy fainted. Athol held her whom he loved so preciously in his enclosing arms.

"Heaven shed its softest benison on her suffering soul!" he muttered. "The first and the last!" he added, as with a holy feeling he imprinted a kiss upon her brow. The first and the last!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE AUCTION—BERNARD'S LAST BANQUET—THE VEILED FIGURE—CONSTERNATION OF THE COMPANY.

Although Gabrielle and the old tenants of the estate had "kept up" pretty well hitherto, yet on the day when the old property was to be sold and to go away from the Marsdens forever they gave way. Gabrielle was fairly drowned in tears. While Marsden Grange still belonged to the old family, she encouraged a hope—not the less welcome because so distant—that Lucy might return; but with the disposal of the property every tie seemed broken, and she despaired of ever seeing her, who was at once her mistress and her friend, in this world again. Bernard, although he implicitly relied on Ephraim Light, [illegible] When, however, he found that he alone was to be present at the sale, he nerved himself to meet all the unpleasantries by which he foresaw it would be attended. For the first time since the publication of that bitter blow to his pride, he showed himself among the servants and the people. He excused the abruptness of the sale by declaring that he was suddenly called abroad—that it was most uncertain when he should return—that therefore he was determined to dispose of the property. Those who attended his fancy fair might have been more aristocratic, but they were by no means so numerous as the crowd which attended the sale of the lands and the disposal of the furniture and effects. In the long dining-room was laid out the last repast which would ever be given by Hugh Bernard under that old roof. It is the custom in the country, before the commencement of a sale, to regale those who attend in the most liberal fashion. Such generosity is conceived, perhaps not erroneously, to be an excellent investment. It puts the bidders in so capital a temper, and the quantity of wine and spirits they imbibe has so exhilarating an effect, that in the competition of the sale their cooler judgment abandons them, and the articles fetch proportionately higher prices. If the would-be bidders had come to gloat over an exhibition of poverty, the splendor of the repast, indiscriminately served to all comers, would have at once undeceived them. Bernard was at the head of the table, urging them all to eat and drink, while dozen after dozen of sparkling wine circulated round the table. When the room was at the fullest, the auctioneer, believing it an excellent opportunity to address those who came to buy, rose for the purpose, as he expressed it, of proposing a toast. The festive throng, with a tolerably clear perception of the nature of the toast about to be proposed, clattered their glasses on the table in token of their approbation. The auctioneer was a broad-made, good-humored man.

"Gentlemen, he said—and I am proud to add, ladies—the occasion on which we are called together is one of rare occurrence—very rare occurrence! An excellent landlord [cheers from those who were not tenants], a good friend [cheers], a hospitable landlord [cheers from those half-inebriated by his hospitality], is about to quit the country for another land; he has therefore honored my firm with the instructions to dispose of this most eligible property."

There was here a slight disturbance, as a stranger to every one present began eagerly pushing his way through the crowd to the place where Capt. Bernard was seated.

"Silence!" exclaimed the interrupted and eloquent auctioneer.

"All right!" answered the unheeding man; "all right! You can get on with your sermon. I only wants to speak to your governor."

By this time Silas had forced his way to Bernard. He knew that in some way the captain had been mixed up in the scheme of Light; and, foiled, as we have seen, in his artful endeavor to obtain the jewels from his former master, he had come with the intelligence of his flight to Marsden, in order to communicate it to Bernard. By the time he had reached that individual Bernard was on the point of concluding his speech.

"A man so noble—so generous—should not depart from England without a cheer to bid him Heaven speed! Were his hearers Britons? They were! Then let them unite with him in a genuine British hurrah! Hip—hip—"

The company, excited by the wine, responded heartily to the invitation; and thus it was that in the midst of the noise he first heard of the departure of Light, and of the jewels, the proceeds of so vast an amount of money being in the hands of a third party. Something of his old determination returned to him, as he beat down this feeling, and rose to return a few words of thanks, attributing his confusion to natural emotion. Soon as he had concluded he dragged Silas away. From him he learned all. Bernard judged how much would be the peril when Light could have departed without his share of the proceeds of the Marsden property. Hugh Bernard, therefore, resolved to acquire, by some means, the possession of the deposit money; and, sacrificing the balance, leave Marsden that night. The suite of drawing rooms had been thrown into one large apartment, at the end of which was the rostrum of the auctioneer. It was a motley assemblage. There was a newly-married wife of some humble tradesman, hoping to secure, at the lowest price, some simple addition to their modest home. Here was a fussy, elderly dowager, intent only on securing a specimen of rare old china. The plethoric host of the "Turk's Head" had attended to lay in a stock of the old Marsden port, one bottle of which he could bring out on rare occasions to a particular customer. From London there traveled a dozen or so of pale, sharp-featured men, who had banded together for the purpose of buying the library, largely composed of rare editions. Manufacturers of enormous wealth from the Midland Counties had collected for the purpose of bidding for an estate, on which they could found an ancestry. The majority, however, had come to the sale out of the exercise of pure curiosity. The auctioneer, Mr. Marlin, after attaching his authority on the rostrum, looking confidently at the clerk before him, and reliantly on the solicitor at his side, commenced the sale. It was principally an eulogium on the merits of the property, its extent, the

EDWIN F. BOOTH. TRAGEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

fertility of its soil, and the acquisition of a seat in parliament, which would probably attend its purchase. He would first, in accordance with the conditions, put the whole estate up in one lot, land, furniture, library, everything. He calculated that such an investment, in the present scarcity of land, was worth two-and-a-half per cent on its purchase. The rent roll was somewhere about fifteen thousand a year. This would make the value, roughly, six hundred thousand pounds sterling. Even that was calculating nothing for the mansion house!

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

EDWIN F. BOOTH.

THIS celebrated tragedian was born in Harford County, near Baldimore, Md., in November, 1833, and made his first appearance on any stage, September 10th, 1849, as Tressel, in "Richard the Third," at the Museum, Boston, Mass. First appeared in Philadelphia May 22d, 1850, at the Old Arch, as Wilford, in "The Iron Chest," for the benefit of his father, the late Junius Brutus Booth. Made his first appearance in New York May 4th, 1857, as Richard at the Metropolitan Theatre. Visited nearly all the principal cities in the country, playing star engagements. Was married to Miss Mary Devlin, a very beautiful young lady, and in 1861 he visited England, and made his *debut* in London, Sept. 30th, as Shylock. After an absence of several months he returned to this country. In February, 1863, he lost his wife. After a brief retirement from the stage he re-appeared at the Winter Garden, New York, in a round of his Shakespearian characters, and attracted nightly large and appreciative audiences to witness his great impersonations.

Mr. Booth is at present performing one of the most brilliant engagements ever performed in this country by any tragedian, either foreign or to the manor born. He commenced his present engagement on Monday evening, November 28th, 1864, opening with Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and has continued to appear in that one character up to the present time. He has already played it over sixty nights, and it is still running. This is the longest run any of Shakespeare's tragedies has ever before enjoyed in this or any other country. Fechter performed it in London forty nights, and that was considered a great success; but the success of Mr. Booth has been still greater.

Mr. Booth's delineations are eminently intellectual. Every member, every muscle, the eye, the face, seem permeated by its subtle influence, and moving in obedience to its dictates. Hence, he never mouths, nor rants, nor makes faces, nor "tears a passion to tatters." His acting, in consequence, is characterized by naturalness, ease and great simplicity. His expressive countenance is at times wanting in mobility; there is not play enough to it; at times his intonations are too measured. Mr. Booth possesses some extraordinary advantages. In the first place, he has a most engaging person—Apollo-like in the beauty, grace, and manly perfection of its form; his eye is large and lustrous; his forehead high and noble; his mouth and nose of the pure Grecian type; his skin is a pallid white, which, in Hamlet, lends to his face a charm and fascination which have made deep inroads upon the hearts of many of his fairer auditors wherever he has performed. In all the external advantages of eye, action, and expression, few actors can compete with him. The future of this young actor will be as honorable as he chooses to make it. It seems now that nothing stands in his way to a position in the world of art as exalted as that which his eminent father held. The extraordinary powers which most of his performances exhibit are yet short of their full maturity. Genius, it is true, is a rebel against fixed laws; and to expect from the possessor of this heavenly gift the adherence to scholastic standards, or those arbitrary methods which, fully adopted, make the acceptable artist, is to invite sure disappointment. That he does, in a rare degree, hold within him the divine spark, is too palpable a fact to be disputed. There is enough of electrical effect in every one of his delineations to atone for the dull formality of a generation of players. Admit that through whole scenes—and scenes affording brilliant opportunities—you look vainly for any token of inspiration; that acts even pass by without yielding other points than those of intelligent study and careful delivery of words set down; that chances of creating a profound impression are sometimes neglected—admit all this, and yet you may not quit the theatre, after witnessing any one of Edwin Booth's impersonations, without a conviction that a great dramatic light has shed its quickening beams upon your soul, without something to set up in the gallery of recollection. To contend against a living memory is hard enough in any case; but when, as in the case of this actor, there is a perpetual liability to the hue-and-cry of imitation, the path to glory becomes the steepest and ruggedest of avenues. The public does not stop to think that in the mimic art the successful copyist is equal to the creator. The latter only expresses experience, gives body and life to thought, and form and color to imagination. If Edwin Booth is a second edition of his gifted father, it is no reason why he should not enjoy an equal celebrity. To re-produce that father has been the agonising ambition of a score of actors; and to allow the son success in *that* effort only, is to grant him a very proud place in the histrionic ranks. To imitate exactly and with identical effect the work of another, demands appreciation of the material, and sympathy with the mood in which that work was wrought. Happily, however, there be many who are oppressed by no great memories, and to these the portrayals of Edwin Booth will come with glorious freshness and strength.

As Hamlet he is excellent. Nature could scarcely have contrived a creature meeting more fully the physical exertions of this most difficult part. The very ideal of the Sad Prince is realized in his broad brow, bright yet thoughtful eye, his luxuriant masses of dark hair, and figure of beautiful proportion and grace. Romance and mystery, philosophic abstraction and madness of melancholy, are scarcely compatible with a snub-nose, knock-knees, or violently red hair; neither can we reconcile ourselves, without a cruel imposition upon the fancy, to a Hamlet whose usefulness is the result of the wig-maker's efforts and of paint [illegible] the service to the players, &c.—and estimating it by the standard of feeling, what is there not to commend most warmly? The words, every one of them, are spoken with the utmost simplicity. Every gesture too is a natural prompting. He makes the Prince a confiding, tenderly affectionate, amiable young man, with no strength of will, and no particular intentions, with all the keen perceptions of a sensitive heart, of liberal and refined culture, of noble and courteous breeding. His love for his dead father is intense; yet his heart cannot string itself to determined vengeance, and the final blow is struck in momentary impulse. His love for his mother is rather enhanced by the occasional suspicious accusations of his thought; and every tenderness of his nature is lavished on Ophelia. Here Mr. Booth's portraiture is new; no one has ever thrown into the character so much of the pathos of love, and of that general *sensitiveness of tone* that makes every emotion of a loving nature almost morbidly acute. As Sir Edward Mortimer, he is very fine. His Richard is in most respects an original impersonation. It does not seem to be an imitation of any actor, and is, in the business and style, new and very interesting. He plays it throughout in a calm and judicious manner, free from rant and exaggeration, and exceedingly satisfactory to the mind. The Richelieu of Mr. B. is one of the most carefully studied and elaborately finished of all his impersonations. He has transferred his genius into every line, and it is one of the most impressive of artistic efforts that has ever been presented to the American public. His Macbeth is a *decided failure*. It is beyond his mental as well as his physical ability to do it full justice—his performance of it is very unequal—now admirable, then tame and common-place—here unsatisfactory, and there flashing upon us the full blaze of histrionic genius

COCKING.

Main Between Kalamazoo and Battle Creek.

GREAT excitement along the Michigan Central route was caused by a main taking place at Kalamazoo, between that city and Battle Creek. The minds of the sporting fraternity of both places had been made up for quite an exhibition, and they had one of the best arranged and conducted cock fights ever witnessed on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad. Battle Creek was represented by C. Ormsbee, the well known and gentlemanly cocker of that city, whilst Kalamazoo had for its representative a celebrated pitter and heeler of Detroit, acting in conjunction with Abe Baker, of Kalamazoo. The conditions of the main were to show nine cocks, seven of which fell in, the odd battle for $300 to be fought under the rules of the Kalamazoo Cock Pit. As much rivalry exists between these two places, it may be well supposed that both had quite large delegations, and for some time before the main took place Kalamazoo was flooded with friends and betors of both parties. The Kalamazoo pit was literally crowded, and many bets could not be taken on account of the parties not being able to get together. On the appearance of the champions for each side, there was an outburst of feeling only quelled by the excitement caused on the appearance of the fowls for the first battle, which took place between a dark red, of Battle Creek, and a blue red, of Kalamazoo, which was won in a few flies by the Battle Creek cock, the blue red running away and leaving the pit. This first failure for the Kal. boys quite disconcerted them, as they supposed they would not lose a battle, yet they had such unshaken confidence in their fowls that they continued betting odds of two to one. We were next introduced, in the second battle, to a brass back gray, of Battle Creek, against a red, of Kalamazoo, the latter winning after a severe struggle, taking much time to get his adversary down. In the third fight was shown a black red for Battle Creek against a gray, of Kalamazoo. This was also a very long and hard contested match, the Kal cock defeating the black red after a hard struggle. The fourth fight was inaugurated by the appearance of a white-legged Derby for Battle Creek, and a gray cock for Kal., in which the former won in a few flies, killing his cock in the pit. The fifth battle was between a Kelly gray, of Battle Creek, and a red cock, of Kal., the latter being victorious, although the triumph was hard earned. In the sixth fight, we were introduced to a dark grey, called the Wild Irishman, owned by C. Ormsbee, for B. C., against a splendid black red, one of the finest fowls we ever saw. This was the most exciting match in the main, some three or four thousand dollars changing hands; being Mr. ——'s favorite bird, the Kalamazoo boys backed it in odds of $100 to $30 or $40, which were freely taken by the confident opponents. The owner of the black red announced that he could be backed in Detroit for $5,000 on this bird; but Chris. Ormsbee's Wild Irishman was too much for the Detroit favorite, the former winning in a few flies. As yet both sides had won three matches, and the seventh fight, which was to win the main, produced quite an exchange of money, as also an exciting debate concerning the probable termination of the main; in this last match was brought to our notice a birch wing gray of B. C., against a red cock of Kalamazoo, the former winning the match in a few flies and leaving the red cock dead in the pit. Thus the main was won by Battle Creek, and the discomfited Kalamazoo gentry bore their defeat with ill-concealed composure; the latter acted throughout a gentlemanly part towards their visitors and competitors, and showed that, although defeated, they would have a chance at another time to regain their laurels. If it had not been for the splendid capabilities of Chris. Ormsbee for pitting and heeling, we believe he would have lost the main, as his birds were the poorest in condition, being too fleshy and fat, and the betting against him; but throughout he remained steadfast to his duties, proving himself the best heeler and pitter we have seen in the State.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 27th.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—The members of this club held their annual meeting at Delmonico's, corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street, on the evening of the 2d inst., when the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Edwin A. Stevens, Commodore; Wm. H. McVickar, Vice Commodore; Alexander Major, Rear Commodore; Robert S. Hone, Treasurer; Hamilton Morton, Secretary; Alfred W. Craven, Measurer. Regatta Committee—Geo. L. Schuyler, Wm. W. Shippen, N. Pen Hosack.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

NOTICE.

To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

ADVERTISING.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the CLIPPER is conducted on the CASH principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,

22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

CONSTANT READER, N. Y.—"1. Was there ever a man that ever walked from Paris to Moscow, which is 352 German miles, in thirteen and a half days? 2. What is the difference between a German and an English mile? 3. In reading Frederick Geryard's Gartenlaube, Vol. No. 3, page 112, I find a great many more feats that this man performed which I can scarcely believe; will you please give me your opinion of them?".....1. It is not probable that such a feat ever was or could be accomplished, as we find by computation that a man would have to walk about 102 English miles in 24 hours or over four miles an hour, which, for thirteen and a half days continuously, would be rather speedy as well as tough travelling. 2. An English mile is 1760 yards; a German short mile, on which the computation in the first question is based, is equal to four English miles, less 176 yards; a German long mile is equal to 5¾ English miles. 3. Not having read the work, we are unable to pass an opinion, but if they are anything like the one you specify, we should be inclined to doubt their authenticity.

VIATOR, Paterson, N. J.—1. The Forrest and Macready riot took place Wednesday night, May 9, 1849, at the Astor Place Opera House. Two troops of cavalry of the First Division of the State Militia, and a battalion of the National Guards, took active part in the affray. The crowd outside numbered 25,000 persons. "Ned Buntline" was among the first arrested. The riot act was read *twenty times*. The number of killed was twenty-one; wounded, thirty-three; number of arrests made was sixty-three. 2. Probably S. French, 122 Nassau street, can furnish you with the book you want.

AN OLD READER.—Jean Margaret Davenport was born in Great Britain in May, 1830. She came to this city June 17, 1838, and appeared at the Old National Theatre under the late Wallack's management. She met with Col. Frederic W. Lander in San Francisco, and was married to that gentleman Oct. 13, 1860, since which time she has not appeared on the stage until her present engagement at Niblo's Garden in this city. When she retired from the stage she was considered one of the very best actresses on the American stage. She gained great notoriety by her performance of "Camille."

G. L. S.—1. G. F. Cooke first appeared in this country Nov. 21, 1810, at the Park Theatre. He died in this city Sept. 26, 1812. Edmund Kean erected a monument to his remains in St. Paul's Church yard. 2. Old Joe Cowell died in London, Nov. 14, 1863. 3. Mr. N. B. Clarke's right name is Belden. 4. Old John G. Cartlitch is not dead; he was keeping a saloon in Philadelphia but a short time since. 5. Josephine Clifton's right name was Miller; she died in New Orleans, Nov. 22, 1847.

G. C. H., Indianapolis.—1. Gardiner Coyne is related to the late John Drew. He sailed for England in Jan., 1863, where he is at the present time. 2. Charlotte Crampton Wilkinson *was* at one time one of the most promising actresses on the American stage. She was the *first* female Mazeppa in this country, having performed the part at the old Chatham Theatre.

PHILADELPHIA.—1. Miss Jane Coombs did not make her *debut* in Philadelphia; she had previously appeared in this city, making her first appearance on any stage during the season of 1855-6 at the old Broadway Theatre, as Pauline to the Claude Melnotte of Edwin Forrest. She is a pupil of Clara Fisher Maeder. 2. Mad. Anna Bishop was in Havana at last accounts.

D. T. S., Philadelphia.—You were wrong. As you commence to deal, so you must continue; if you deal out two cards to one player, you must deal the same to all others; you may begin by giving first two, and then three cards around to each player, or *vice versa;* but you cannot begin by dealing two to one, three to the next, and so on.

PHILO, Woonsocket.—Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant, became Champion of England by his victory over Tom Paddock, Nov. 5, 1860, the battle lasting 9m. 30secs. and 5 rounds were fought. The Infant lost the belt again when he was matched with Jem Mace, who licked him in 8r. 50m., June 18, 1861—these were the only regular battles in which Staleybridge was engaged.

DOESTICKS, Emory Hospital.—1. The New Stadt Theatre in the Bowery, this city, is the largest place in Philadelphia, has the largest stage of any theatre in this country. 3. Never counted the number of lights in the Boston Theatre chandelier. 5. The National Theatre, Boston, was burnt down.

JOHN WRIMAN, Minersville, Ill.—Your first subscription was $1 50 for six months, which commenced at the old rates of subscription and expired with No. 40. Your present subscription of $2.50 commences with No. 44, and expires with No. 16 of Vol. 13.

J. W. M, Bloomington, Ill.—1. We are not in a position to decide who is the best drilled man in the United States. 2. A New York engine throw a horizontal stream a distance of 240 feet. We are not aware that this has been surpassed by any other hand engine.

FERDINAND'S DOCK.—1. Miss Kimberley retired from the stage some time since, and is at present residing in this city with her husband. 2. Roberts is the name of the lady's husband. 3. We cannot inform you how to direct a letter so that it will reach her.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.—1. The distance from Canal street to 23d street is one block short of a mile and three quarters. 2. We are not advised of the future movements of the Richings. 3. Is not married. 4. See our dramatic summary for the lady's whereabouts.

NEWTON, Chicago.—1. That lady has played the "French Spy," but we cannot tell you how long since. 2. Fanny Herring will not visit your city, at least for the present. 3. We cannot inform you why Edwin Forrest does not appear in your city; probably it is owing to the great distance from Philadelphia, his home.

LOUIS S., Cincinnati.—We do not remember ever having seen or heard the word "seldomly" used, nor does Webster seem to have done so, as it is not to be found in his dictionary. We think, too, that "I do it seldom" (or, we prefer, "I seldom do it") sounds better than "I do it seldomly."

HARPER'S FERRY.—1. The player who orders up the trump, has the privilege of going alone. 2. B scores one point for low, he having played the Jack, which was the lowest trump out; but A scores the point for Jack, having captured the card with his ace.

EUCHRE, Lawrence.—1. Your partner is entitled to four points; the failure of the dealer to discard cannot affect you, after the hands have been played. 2. The hand is thrown up, the deal passing to the next player.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.—Ben Cotton and Joe Murphy arrived here from California Jan. 7, 1865. They are at present organizing a minstrel band for a travelling tour.

CITIZEN.—T. S. Cline is the son of Herr Cline, the rope walker. He is at present engaged at the Winter Garden in this city, and is the business manager for Thomas Maguire of San Francisco.

A. P., Baltimore, Md.—1. He was not a Jew. 2. At Greenwood Cemetry, L. I. 3. With Horrigan twice—receiving the stakes in the first fight and his own money back in the second.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—Your note did not reach us until two days after we went to press. It was dated Jan. 26th, but post marked Jan. 31.

T. CONNOR, Philadelphia.—We have mentioned your challenge to several, who inquire if a deposit has been left with us as an evidence that match making is really intended. See?

G. M., Washington.—Had you failed to make three tricks, your opponents would have been entitled to two points for the euchre, nothing more.

JOHN H. CLIFFORD, Holyoke, Mass.—A party advertises in the CLIPPER to furnish the articles. You would have to send the price of the articles as well as the express charges.

CORKITE, Philadelphia.—Mr. Henry C. Work is the author of the very popular song of "Kingdom Coming." He was formerly a printer in Middletown, Conn.

NEW BRITAIN.—1. Our opinion is, that no player can go alone where a partner assists. 2. £400 to £200 was the stake fought for by Sayers and Brettle.

J. H., Cincinnati.—1. She is on the shady side of sweet sixteen—that's as far as we dare go. 2. We don't imagine the "young man's being in love with her will do him any good."

IDAHO, Pittsburgh.—We fear you are giving yourself too much trouble in our concerns, and therefore we omit your last, thereby lessening your labors.

J. W. JENNESS, Bradford, Vt.—You can change the address of your CLIPPER whenever you please.

SUBSCRIBER.—A wins, as the New Bowery holds a great many more than the Academy.

HENRY COCHRAN, Smith Mills.—Your subscription is for ten copies of the CLIPPER only.

A. G. E., New Haven, Conn.—Send one dollar more, and call it square.

M. T. C., Baltimore.—Mace never fought a prize fight with Tom Sayers.

H. C., Cold Spring.—B wins, and A must pay up like an honest man.

L. O., Quebec.—We have on hand something of the kind, and therefore cannot give yours a place.

PONTIAC.—The bet is a draw, owing to the soldiers' vote being declared unconstitutional.

G. D., Troy.—The man who bet that 13 would not be beaten, wins the money, as 13 was *not* beaten.

J. W. DOLPHIN, Ridgway, Pa.—Helmbold's drug store is 594 Broadway.

MINSTREL.—Le Grand B. Cushman is at present residing at a little town on the Erie Railroad called Castile.

CINCINNATIAN.—Annie Radcliffe is now known as Mrs. Pierce.

TOMMY B.—See Mr. Roberts' advertisement in another column

CAP., Niagara.—We have sent you the back number.

INVISIBLE GREEK.—In what line do you propose to act?

S. N. H., Ogdensburgh.—It is a draw bet.

MENKEN, Lockport.—Items used. Thank you.

ANN HARBOR.—You have stated your first question so vaguely that we can scarcely understand what you mean. If A took up the turn-up card, and played it on the board, he cannot re-call it. If he merely allowed it to remain exposed on the table, without having taken it into his hands, he cannot be called upon to play it to the trick, but can play a higher trump. Your second question we cannot make out at all.

THISTLE.—W. B. Chippendale was killed in battle July 20th, 1864, before Atlanta. He was attached to the 20th Louisiana regiment. He was an actor of considerable merit, and was first low comedian at the Varieties, New Orleans, under John E. Owens' management, and afterwards treasurer. Miss Alfy Chippendale is a relative of his.

"OLD MOKE FAKER," Artillery Brigade.—1. Cool Burgess is with Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels in the Bowery. 2. He is good, but not great. 3. Ned Turner, now with the Webb Minstrels in Havana, is the same that was in Canada. 4. Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, is one of the largest halls in this country.

BOW TOM.—"A and B are playing All Fours, the game being four up; they are two each. A deals and B has high, and A low; they each count five for game after playing the cards. Who is entitled to score game, the count being a tie."..... The non-dealer is entitled to game.

F. J., Philadelphia.—Frank Forester's "Field Sports" will give you all the information yous require on the subject, as it treats on every kind of game hunting as well as treatment of dogs in health and disease, training, races, etc. Price $4.

J. H. L., Camp before Petersburg.—"At cribbage, A plays a six, B an eight, A a five, B a seven, and A a five. How many holes does A take for his last five?"..... Two, for the thirty-one, only. The sequence is broken.

PIGEON SHOOTING, Wilmington.—The judges are the parties to decide. If the bird, in their judgement would have flown outside the boundary, it is a lost bird.

J. K.—Morrissey is about 36. 2. John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, May 1, 1834. 3. Heenan and Morrissey fought Oct. 20, 1858.

N. J. MURPHY.—The gentleman not having left a deposit, the offer is open to doubt.

PHILADELPHIA.—We are not aware of any person in this city being engaged in the business of buying defaced postage stamps.

V. B. H., Mississippi Squadron.—1. Eclipse never ran a mile in a minute. 2. The best time made in running a mile is 1:40¾.

F. H. W, Philadelphia.—We did not know that the gentleman had gone to Wales; we have never heard him lecture.

TARTAR, Grand Rapids.—We know of no work on the subject. There is a pretty fair treatise in "Hoyle's Games."

G. E., Cleveland, O.—Dr. I. Zacharie has that reputation. His address is No. 760 Broadway, N. Y.

H. R. F., Champaign Co., N. Y.—Some one of our principal advertisers can supply you, no doubt.

A. T.—A sett of Kehoe's 15 lb. clubs will cost you $8; 25 lbs., $14; and 35 lbs., $18.

PETROLEUM CENTRE.—In cutting for deal in euchre, the ace is the lowest card, and Jack the highest.

CHARLIE, Fort Edward.—Jack is the highest in euchre in cutting for deal.

J. HENEAGE CARTER.—Sent a large package of letters to Mansfield, Ohio.

J. P., Hudson City.—A wins; the cards show for themselves, notwithstanding A does not call his hand right.

J. B., Nashville.—We are informed by good authority, that Joseph Brotherton, M. P., for Salford, Eng., was never knighted.

JOHN W. R., Chicago.—Morrissey was 168 lbs. in weight the day he fought Heenan.

NEMO.—Serves you right. Learn her to kill gradually and not overmatch a young pup, as you have done.

BYRON, Janesville.—Write to Messrs. Harbeck, 129 Pearl street, New York, the owners of the vessel.

S. C. B., St. Mary's, Ind.—I wins.

BALTIMORE.—O'Hara is not a correspondent for the CLIPPER.

THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

IN next week's issue of the NEW YORK CLIPPER will be commenced the "Theatrical Rambles of Mr. and Mrs. John Green," with sketches of popular actors and actresses, and anecdotes, covering a period of half a century. This work has been prepared expressly for our columns by Mr. Charles Durang. It abounds with green room chit-chat, etc., through the ever-changing scenes of theatrical life. No defence of the drama is purposed, further than truth requires; nor any attempt of serious rebuke at the false judgment, free scandal, or the usual contempt so ignorantly, illiberally, and wantonly bestowed upon its professors, who only share the foibles incidental to frail humanity; a profession whose mental sensibilities are blended with much physical labor; a combination of body and mind elements grafted, or rather united qualities of bodily exertion with acute imaginative impulses of the latter, regulated and dependent upon the powers of the former; which are too often checkered with the vicissitudes of the world, passing from grave to gay in sudden [illegible] of [illegible] while instructing their fellow beings in the mimicry of human nature, they too often suffer the pains and penalties of life's afflictions. Our "Theatrical Rambles," covering such a wide period of time, will give us an insight into the operations of the drama in this country in its earlier stages, when barns were often used for theatrical purposes for want of better places. This work, prepared from the diary of Mr. and Mrs. Greene (now deceased) by Mr. Charles Durang, author of several excellent books on the drama, etc., will be continued in the CLIPPER from week to week until finished, and will not appear in any other form, the copyright being held by us.

WIDE AWAKE.—While the New York papers were crying out "failure" as the result of Blair's mission to Richmond, the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*, in its edition of *Friday, Jan. 27th*, said that Mr. Blair's efforts had been crowned with success, and that Jeff Davis would shortly send three commissioners to Washington, to confer with parties there on the subject of peace. *Four days after* this article appeared in the *Telegraph*, the New York papers took the back track, by stating precisely what the Philadelphia paper had said, viz: that three commissioners were on their way to Washington to confer on the subject of peace, this being one of the results of Blair's mission to Richmond. In the Great Metropolis we are in the habit of boasting of the means we have for obtaining the earliest and most reliable news, but in this instance, at least, our papers were four days behind the Philadelphia *Telegraph* with their information. There is a great deal of enterprise manifested in the conduct of the *Telegraph*, and we take pleasure in recording the fact, for, as a general thing, the Philadelphia dailies are slow and not always reliable.

FIERCE WAR LETTER.—The following touching letter from a German soldier is full of pathos and tenderness, and shows what hardships and vicissitudes attend a soldier's life. Our friend's note is written, it will be perceived, in broken Dutch—one of the prettiest languages in the unknown tongue. We give the document as written, so as to show its beauties as they are:

John Quincy Adam Soldier Home
Head quarters Boston and Weston

Mr Frank Queen

I onse life in Nu York. I kom to Boston 1861—Here I enlist mit der kavalry, got my leg shoot off like ter tuival—I onse vork as kompositor on Dutche paper New York Citty—vell after I loose my tam leg I by Salem leg put him on go to var some more and get my tam rite tum shoot of. and now Mistar Queen I kan sett no more tipe. and here I liv at der Adam Soldier Home. Der oder night I bite myself in der chek mit one of Hairy Shennings dog on Portlan stret—Der Soldier boy all like der Glipper mush petter ash lager peer So I dell der boys I write a letter whish must be bublish in der Glipper dat I vonce was in Libby Brison long dime more dan year. So I go and legtur pefore very small howses get in tite place at Barker Hous py Boston so I get up von nite bout 12 klock tak ped kord from ter ped let out der pagage from der Winder so as to run avay—Der tam ting kom doun on der Shief ov Bolice neu hatt He arresd der pagage, and bot me in der lokup Harvey Barker Swear like tam pirats tell me go home to Soldier Home dut I shull go evree Bass Horne—Der Bublic dont care tam bout Libby Brison. Vell I dont pelieve der do so I go home I shall write you von letter every veek vich you must bublish and send to der Home—

Hans Adamdownhill.

IN TOWN.—Capt. James Farrish, well-known in this city, was in town a few days since, looking extremely well after two years sojourn in the department of the Mississippi, where he has been acting as Paymaster. He is now in Washington, D. C., and has been assigned to duty in the Army of the Potomac. Capt. Farrish has handled millions of greenbacks in his position of paymaster, and has the satisfaction of knowing that his accounts have been audited O. K.

"A LIGHT LEAK WILL SINK A GREAT SHIP," says the old Saxon aphorism, and a disease deemed trivial may sap the foundations of life. Dyspepsia is made light of, yet it is the parent of innumerable deadly evils, affecting the liver, the bowels, the nerves and the brain. Attack it early with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, and thus forestall all its dismal consequences with a pure vegetable remedy and preventive, which, of the millions that have put their trust in it, has never disappointed one. k

"A MARRIAGE OF MYSTERY," by Lady Clara Cavendish, is one of the latest books published by F. A. Brady, No. 22 Ann street. Price 50 cents.

THE ACTOR AND SHOWMAN'S DIRECTORY is a title that, without vanity, we may claim for the NEW YORK CLIPPER, for in it can be found, within a week or two, the name, whereabouts, and business of almost every one connected with these professions in this country, and not a few out of it; also, where to procure costumes, and other paraphernalia for dress, display or use in the profession; what managers want people, and what people want engagements; besides a thousand and one other things desirable for a professional to know. This can be said of no other paper published in this country, and but of one or two published in any other; and we feel that we have secured a strategic position for the CLIPPER, in this respect, from which no influence can dislodge it. We remark thus in no boastful spirit, but by way of calling the attention of the profession to the benefits to be derived by seeing to it that their names and business are kept recorded in *their* directory.

BILLIARD TABLES have been introduced into asylums for the insane, to the great benefit of their inmates; and now they are being tried in inebriate asylums, and we learn that quite recently the New York State Inebriate Asylum, Binghamton, have placed one of Phelan & Collender's Standard American tables in the ward of the asylum just opened. The establishment, when completed, will contain fifteen wards, in each of which one of these tables will be placed.

QUESTIONABLE PIETY.—We understand that the Rev. Mr. Bulkley, pastor of a church at Winsted, Conn., has been dismissed, simply from the fact that he *would skate!* Now, who would care to belong to such a congregation as that? Its just such long-faced noodles and hypocrites as these Winsted chaps that help to retard the progress of religion in this country.

AN AMERICAN EAGLE WHIPS TWO DOGS.—On the 22d ult., says a correspondent, I was witness to an interesting fight between a large American Eagle and a 22lb "bull dog," in the small town of Warren, O. Mr Williams, the owner of the eagle, and Mr. Parker, owner of the dog, made a bet of fifty dollars on the fight. The dog was put into a room about 24 by 15 feet, and the eagle was then turned out of his cage and immediately made for the dog, catching him with one foot over the mouth and completely muzzling him. The dog could not "holler," or I believe he would if it had been possible. The dog dragged the bird to the door, and then broke loose and got away with all speed. The frightened dog was finally recaptured, but could not be induced to go in the room again. Mr. Parker insisted on seeing the fight out, and forced his dog into the room, where another dog, nearly as large as the "bull," seeing the fight, rushed into the assistance of his canine friend, but the "National Bird" made them "sick" in about three minutes, and they seemed glad they were alive.

THE BEAUTIFUL WIDOW.—No doubt many of our readers have heard of some beautiful widow in the course of their existence. If so, they may not be averse to hear of something in that line which has just been brought to the notice of the public, and which has already attracted a deal of attention. Having thus excited your curiosity, let us tell you that "The Beautiful Widow" in question is the title of a book published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It is a capital story, well told, and full of interest and incident. Its price in paper is a dollar and a half.

DEATH OF A TURF PATRON.—Mr. Charles Greville, an extensive breeder of racing stock, and a zealous patron of the British Turf, was found dead in his bed at Earl Granville's house, in London, on January 18. A sudden and severe attack of gout is said to have been the cause.

"F. F. C. C."—The members of this association, who are in no wise connected with the F. F. V.'s, give a "pressing" invitation to their friends to attend their third invitation fancy dress, masquerade, and civic carnival, at Montague Hall, Brooklyn, on the coming anniversary of Washington's birth day, Feb. 22d.

FALLING.—Yesterday (Sunday) was a splendid day for hat and cap makers, man's head gear going off like hot cakes on a cold night. Truly is it "an ill wind that blows nobody good."

THE ANDERSONVILLE PEN is mightier than the sword in killing [illegible] soldiers

JOE WORMALD WANTS TO FIGHT JEM MACE.

BOS TYLER PUTS UP MONEY FOR A MATCH.

WORMALD WILLING TO LEAVE THE BELT OUT OF THE QUESTION.

ANOTHER CARD FROM MACE.

A PERUSAL of the subjoined article from the *Sporting Life* requires no comment at our hands, but we must say Wormald is after Mace with a sharp stick, and will do anything to get on a match. We shall see whether Mace is as anxious now as he pretended to be before the late fight to tackle the winner.

"Mace, having returned from fulfilling some provincial engagements, called upon us Jan. 20th, to give us an insight into his intentions and future policy with respect to the P. R. He still complains bitterly of the stakeholder's conduct in the late Irish affair, and states that he is determined to hold his own as the general challenger. Mace furthermore says that he was never better in his life, and that he is pertectly willing to fight Wormald or any man in the world, and in proof of which he has sent the following letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE.

SIR.—Many sporting gentlemen seem to think that I have retired from the English Prize Ring. I beg to inform them that such is not the case. The fact of the Editor of *Bell's Life* barring me from fighting for the Champion of England's Belt does not prevent me fighting at all, and, as I have earned for myself the title of 'Champion of the World,' I mean to support it, in proof of which I am ready and willing to fight any man breathing, bar neither country, size, weight, or color, for any sum from £200 to £500. Should this not be accepted, I am for fresh fields and pastures new. My intention of visiting New York and other cities being announced, I trust those who fancy me will at once come forward. My backer will be at your office on Thursday next, between twelve and two, to draw articles and stake with you for the match. Yours, &c., JAMES MACE.

London, January 20th.

Bos Tyler, accompanied by Wormald, stated that they had heard Mace was willing to fight the new Champion, and that Wormald was more than anxious to accommodate him. Joe is ready to fight Mace or anybody else for £200, and as the belt cannot be contested for by Jem, Wormald's friends will leave that trophy out of the question. Wormald wishes us to state that he will fight Mace in four months from drawing up articles, which will give Joe time for any fresh match that may be made for the belt, the stipulated period for which is six months, and two months will then be left in case a second encounter should be necessary. Wormald warmed up on the subject of meeting Mace before he left us, and Tyler pulled out a 'fiver' as a deposit to make a match with Jem, and expressed a hope that that sum would be covered at once, and that Mace or his backer would meet him at our office on Thursday week (February 2d), to draw up articles and make all preliminary arrangements."

SKATING.

A MORE successful season for the enjoyment of skating has never before been known in this vicinity. We are now but in the first week of February, and yet there have been no less than thirty-six days of good skating; the Fifth Avenue Pond, of New York, and the Brooklyn ponds enjoying more of the privileges afforded by good ice than have the Central Park lakes. The Fifth Avenue Pond for the last two weeks has been the scene of the gayest gatherings of the fashionables on ice the metropolis has ever before afforded. Every afternoon and evening has it been thronged with the fair ones of the adjoining avenues with their gallant attendants, the scene on the pond during the occasions of the carnival entertainments being brilliant and attractive in the extreme.

In Brooklyn, where the ponds have been crowded daily, there is quite a *furore* for the sport among the fair sex. The Union and Capitoline Ponds have especially been favored localities, high carnival having been held on both every afternoon and evening. On Thursday last, a fancy dress entertainment was given on the Capitoline Pond; and on Tuesday, the 7th inst, a grand masquerade is to take place on the Union Pond, on which occasion a delegation of ladies fair from Philadelphia are expected to be present. These entertainments are to be given weekly during the remainder of the season at these localities.

ENGLER VS. DONAGHUE.—Engler says he will accept Donaghue's challenge to a trial of skill as regards speed, provided he will accept his for fancy skating. Engler is open for a match for $5000, $250 down as forfeit, for fancy skating. A skater from Kingston, named Meagher, is expected on here to give Engler a trial.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN DELAWARE.—A pigeon shoot took place in Wilmington, Del., on the 30th ult., between Thomas Husband, of Christianna Hundred, and Lem Pickey, of Wilmington, at thirty single birds each, ground trap, twenty-one yards rise, eighty yards bounds, for Fifty Dollars, each man to trap for the other. Here is the score:—

Pickey.....	000101111101101100111011101—18
Husband.....	....011100100111101010011001101—16

GYMNASTICS IN PITTSBURGH.—The Pittsburgh Gymnastic Association had their regular annual exhibition on the 26th ult., and it went off with such great success that they were to repeat it on the 2d of February. Messrs. A. L. Vernon, Fred. Dirst, Barry Whitney, and John Boyd were specially good.

A ONE MILE CHAMPION FOOT RACE was run between William Lang and Teddy Mills, on January 14, at Manchester, England, for £100. Lang won in 4 minutes 35¾ seconds, Mills giving up about 50 yards from the home goal.

BASE BALL—HEAVIES AND LIGHTS.—The muffin match between the Heavies and Lights of Albany, took place on the 3d, on the Van Rensselaer Park. The Lights were victorious. The scoring stood—Lights 27; Heavies 14.

BALL OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

PREPARATIONS—HUNDREDS UNABLE TO PROCURE TICKETS—IMMENSE JAM—DISTINGUISHED PERSONS—FLOWERS—DELIGHTFUL MUSIC—OUR EXPERIENCE, &C., &C., &C.

FOR WEEKS, the heart of many a youth and maiden within this great metropolis has been in a state of great agitation. For weeks, loving mothers and happy fathers have been procuring silks and satins, at extravagant prices, to deck the forms of their Anna Marias. For weeks, the various tailoring establishments throughout the city have been busy as bees. The hatters have been patronized, the boot-makers have

THE RING.

Dudley Kavanagh,

and all the Champions,

USE

KEHOE'S CLUBS,

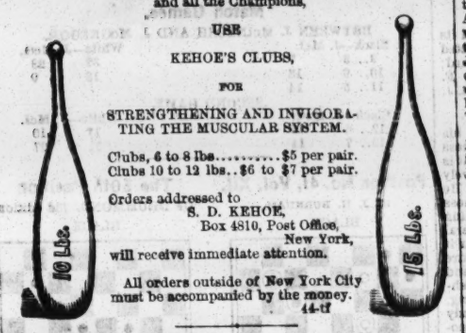
FOR

STRENGTHENING AND INVIGORATING THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs.....$5 per pair.
Clubs 10 to 12 lbs..$6 to $7 per pair.

Orders addressed to
S. D. KEHOE,
Box 4810, Post Office,
New York,
will receive immediate attention.

All orders outside of New York City must be accompanied by the money. 44-tf



THE WHITE HOUSE,
No. 113 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality. SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW. Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
32 Proprietors.

TRY HARRY JENNINGS'

PATENT INFALLIBLE
MAGIC SOAP.

For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 43

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS
has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD
BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

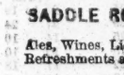
THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 33

IZZY LAZARUS. Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. 18-tf

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
126 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
34-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

Fulton Ale Vaults,
ED. LOWERY,
Is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Ol Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, (kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening. Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 41-

Sample Rooms,
22 ELM STREET, BOSTON.
FENTON & DOLE.....Proprietors.
Constantly on hand, the best of
WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
T. W. FENTON, [35 6m] A. S. DOLE.



Come and see the Smallest Dogs in the WORLD—Together with a fine collection of Japanese Rats, all colors, naturally tame, and a number of the Canine Race; also, a fine Picture Gallery. These dogs are kept for stock, and can be seen at FLETCHER'S Hotel, N. W. corner of Thirteenth and Girard Avenue. Rats always on hand and good accommodation for dogs.
☞ Dogs trimmed and treated for all diseases. 39-tf

Charley Grovesteen's Champion
MUSIC HALL, CONCERT SALOON, AND
GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES,
No. 654 BROADWAY, between Bleecker and Bond sts.,
Beautiful and fascinating Lady Waiters. Unsurpassed Shooting Gallery. Prof. Dorge, Supt. Grand Orchestral Music, with Selections from the Favorite Operas. Superior Viands and Havanas of the Finest Brands. Admission free. [40-3m*
CHARLES GROVESTEEN. MISS KATE STANTON.

Do Drop In,
BY BILLY DONNELLY.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
156 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

The California Exchange,
NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JAMES FITZGERALD & JOHN McATEE, Proprietors.
Messrs. Fitzgerald & McAtee having bought out the above well known house, and re-stocked it with the
CHOICEST ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS,
Request a call from all their sporting and other friends, and assure the public of polite attention and everything of the best brands.
A SPLENDID BALL ROOM is attached. 43-3m*

The GLOBE. - - - By Pat. Dinon.
47 EAST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars.
P. S. Banjo and Jig Dancing taught by PAT DINON, the renowned Banjoist and Jig Dancer. 44-tf

Boxiana.---For Sale, a Copy of Pierce Egan's edition, with all of Smeeton's original and characteristic plates, in good condition; 4 vol. 8vo., profusely illustrated with portraits of all the old boxers, &c., &c. Also, a copy of PIERCE EGAN'S BOOK OF SPORTS, now very scarce and rarely to be had. Apply at this Office. 44-tf

SHORT BUT SPIRITED MILL.

BETWEEN

JOHNNY HICKEY AND MIKE FORD.

THE result of the off hand match between Hickey and Ford, which took place on Jan. 27, at Waterford, a short distance from Troy, N. Y., was announced by the CLIPPER last week, but as all the particulars will prove of general interest to our sporting friends, by the favor of one of our numerous *corps* of correspondents we are put in possession of the details.

Hickey being on a visit to the upper river towns, and withal anxious for a tussle with somebody, a match was arranged between him and Mike Ford, of Hoosick Falls, at catch weight, for $200 a side, but owing to the contemplated rumors of police interference, it was wisely ordained to bring it off "on the quiet," without waiting till the day originally agreed upon, and this they succeeded in doing to the great satisfaction of all whom it concerned.

A brief description of the men will not be uninteresting at the present time. Hickey stands 5 ft. 1 in. in height, and usually fights at 120 lbs. He started out as a regular pugilist, by licking Jerry Noon's Novice, near Montreal, Canada, for $50, in 17 rounds, consuming 57 minutes of time, on the 26th of March, 1860; then beat Georgey Morton, at Weehawken, N. J., in the same ring as Denny Horrigan and Billy Clarke, Dec. 3, 1860, for a purse, Morton, after fighting 27 rounds in 37 minutes, refusing to fight any longer owing to the "outside pressure;" afterwards received forfeit from Billy Donnelly, and likewise from Joe Graham, since which time he has been shelved, and in consequence thereof increased in bulk considerably, as will be seen when we inform the boys that on this occasion (his mill with Ford) he weighed 145 lbs.

Of Mike Ford our knowledge is very limited. He hails from Hoosick Falls, is 5 ft. 5 in. in height, and weighed this day 126 lbs. His only performance worth referring to in the boxing line was when he made a 168 pounder from North Adams, Mass., "sing the news," in 17 rounds, 35 minutes, Mike getting first fall in the first round, and first knock down in the second.

Notwithstanding that the affair was kept secret, a goodly number of sports got the tip, and "might have been seen wending their way," as Jamesy said of the solitary horseman, very early on the morning of the 27th of January, from Troy and Albany to a point central between these two places. To avoid danger of arrest or creating any unnecessary stir in the neighborhood, the brawlers selected a big barn in which to rehearse, and when it was yet early, John and Michael denuded themselves of their upper toggery, a ring was pit had in true orthodox style, and the combatants were roped into it. Hickey was attended by Jimmy Ormsby and Daley as seconds—Ford by Levi Smith and Tim Casey. George Capron was mutually agreed upon as referee. All things being in readiness, nothing was left but to commence

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the gladiators propelled towards the centre of the arena, the contrast in their physique was very marked. Ford, alongside the burly little Hickey, looked as if he had been on short rations for six weeks, his lank attenuated form being in anything but a condition to endure much fatigue or much punching. Hickey, *au contraire*, was all boney and muscular, notwithstanding his overweight, and appeared for all the world like a juvenile Hercules. The partizans of the Hoosick Falls pet were very sweet on their man, believing that he would prove far too active for Master Johnny, and thus avoid many blows by his agility. For this reason his seconds cautioned him against leading off—Hickey, however, needed no such caution, and the first thing Ford knew was feeling a pair of knuckles come in contact with his left squinter, which neither his science or quickness were able to counteract, but managed to land a little one on the body, which had no more effect than the bite of a "skeeter." After this they both stepped back to see how each one took it, whether good-naturedly or otherwise, in the meantime filling up their leisure moments by a bit of sparring practice. As before, Johnny took the initiative and succeeded in putting a light blow on Mickey's neck, when they closed in earnest and exchanged a lively bout of half arm hitting, when Hoosick was thrown, and his opponent fell on him a burster. First throw for Hickey. Time, 7 min.

2. Hickey first to face the music, with Ford not long behind him, sporting a dark shade, together with a bump, not placed there phrenologically, over his sinister ogle, and flushed spots on the ribs. After working their arms and legs long enough to get the hang of it Hickey led off with his left duke, catching Ford again on the throttle, the latter countering on the body. Another retreat, then an advance, slight sparring, a clinch, and Ford again thrown heavily. Ten minutes elapsed.

3. A lively disposition was evinced by both to get at it in this round, notwithstanding that the tall and slender youth had copped two heavy falls. Hickey had a condescending smile for Ford and was brimfull of confidence, but this time he got something that turned his sardonic smile into a look of anger, as when he went to put in a ripper on Ford's body, the latter caught him a screamer on the left cheek, drawing his life's blood. [First blood claimed and allowed for Ford]. The crack stirred Hickey's Irish up, and after a spirited rally, Hickey being the better wrestler, chucked Ford for the third time.

4. At the commencement of this round Ford showed unmistakable signs that he had not been over kindly dealt with, and began to get shaky on his pins. Hickey, perceiving this, went for him, but had to do a bit of trotting, Mike retreating in good order to keep out of harm's way, or the reach of Johnny's bunch of fives. Finally the retreater was brought to a stand still in face of the enemy, who succeeded in leaving the imprint of his knuckles on Ford's ribs, and a close followed immediately thereafter, Hickey aiming a vicious blow at Ford's head as he was in the act of falling, which was claimed as foul by Mike's second, but very justly disallowed by the referee.

5. Of a similar nature to the previous round. Ford getting weaker, and at the close was the under man in the fight.

6. There was a deficiency in the respiratory apparatus of both, and in order to gain sufficient time to get his second wind, Hickey had recourse to one of Yankee Sullivan's old dodges. As he was following Ford round the ring, he brought him to a full stop by saying "You've got something in your hand and I want to see what it is," when Ford incautiously opened his hand to show that he hadn't, and as he did so, Hickey dashed out a tremendous left-handed blow on his snuffer, which made him stagger like a lushington, but failed to knock him off his props. Recovering his equilibrium and stung with the effects of the last blow, Ford struck out wildly and managed to get home slightly on Hickey's lip, but he in turn paid the same with compound interest on Ford's bad eye, which was fast going up. Ford, however, was not to be stalled off, gamely making an effort to turn the tables, and in so doing accidentally hit Johnny below the belt, which his friends claimed as a foul. Here a jamboree occurred among the outsiders, and things had the aspect of a free fight, but as soon as the referee shouted, "Fight on!" things were "as you were" in the shake of a lamb's tail. Getting a clear ring again, Hickey chased Ford, and having caught him, succeeded again in placing him on the broad of his back and fell on him.

7 and 8. Both in favor of Hickey, as Ford's delicate constitution was gradually telling its own tale.

9. The Hoosick man began to look sick in earnest, and was very backward in coming forward; his left eye was "all gone," and his right bore unmistakable signs of Hickey's mauley having been there or thereabouts. But little sparring occurred, Hickey being anxious to put the quietus on his man, going up to him and landing several thwacks on Ford's ribs and a hot 'un on his good eye, when they closed, Hickey slipping down and Ford falling on him.

10th and last round. Hickey advanced, looking as pleased as Punch, was full of confidence, and his face illumined with smiles, looking none the worse for seeing Ford, except having a slight mark over his right orb. Ford appeared very weak and shaky, and was pretty well scarred and bruised about the head, eyes, and body. A little manœuvering took place, Hickey walking around his man, and seeing a good chance, popped in a little one on the ribs, closed and again gained the fall, but before reaching the ground, Hickey smote him a second time on the nob, which Ford's second claimed as foul, and the referee, singular to relate, decided the battle as drawn, remarking as an excuse therefor that he thought his action in this respect would give more satisfaction to all parties concerned than by any other decision he could make. Ford's backers were anything but pleased at the referee's fiat, as they considered him entitled to the fight. The battled lasted 25 min. 10 secs.

REMARKS.

A perusal of the rounds in this battle will be sufficient to convince any sensible man that, barring accident, Hickey had the fight in his own hands, and had it continued he must in all probability have won. The punishment he inflicted on his adversary was very severe, and the falls he gave him must have shaken his "innards" considerably. He had the advantage of experience, which Ford had not, and also more weight, strength and science. Ford, in being opposed to an old professional twenty pounds the heavier man, did all that he knew how to win, and continuing to come up as he did round after round, under such adverse circumstances, has satisfied his friends and backers that he possesses game of a very high order, and it is thought that he will yet prove a teaser to any man of his own weight. The claim that he was entitled to the fight is simply ridiculous, as a blow delivered before a man is down is fair and not foul, and his friends are lucky that they saved their money.

PETER DALY'S BENEFIT.

About four hundred people, mostly new faces, were present at the Stuyvesant Institute—which by the way is said to have been leased out for other purposes—on the 1st inst., to take stock of the youth who fought Johnny Lazarus, in California, a two hours fight and over, wherein thirty-nine rounds were got through on the 10th of March, 1863, ultimately ending in each man drawing his money, owing to things having been somewhat kerlummixed in the last round. In this battle Daly proved himself a fine wrestler, but fought nearly altogether on the defensive, Lazarus having to go after him to his own corner in almost every round. But we are not going to unearth that affair, or dwell any longer thereon, as it is neither the time nor place—the exhibition's what we're dealing with now. As before observed the hall was very tolerably filled up, for which Daly has much cause for offering up thanks to his old pard., Billy Dwyer, who so much resembles Uncle Phil., of Columbia street, Brooklyn, and who toiled early and late to insure a bumper for the Stranger. We know of no boxer absent from home who has returned with more friends than this same Dwyer, and if only to give those friends a chance to show that they do appreciate him, we trust that a complimentary will be given him likewise ere he returns to California, which he contemplates doing very soon unless something turns up unexpectedly. Billy hasn't had a benefit here, and consequently the sports haven't had a chance to show that the Empire City is not behind her sister city of the Pacific, glorious young Frisco, in rallying around those who hail from thence. San Francisco is young New York, and the bonds of friendship existing between us and them is and always has been of the most affectionate and honest description. So mote it be.

There was an absence of celebrities unaccounted for, and except long John Lawrence, the round-bodied Izzy Lazarus, the broad-shouldered Charley Grovesteen, the oratorical club man, Kehoe; Owney Geogheghan, with his peculiar-built chapeau, the only one in the city; Billy McLain, the Oliver-street publican; Matt Hogan, Harry Clarke, Mike Henry, of the Marshall House, and a few more, the hall was noticeable for the fresh faces there, and nothing more. The absence of sparrers was another noticeable feature, notwithstanding the number who have themselves taken benefits, but who seldom or ever put a glove on except when they do have a benefit—that's nothing new though, and one of these days we shall throw a bomb shell into the camp of the delinquents which may have the effect of bringing them to their senses, or at least will be the means of letting the public know who these grab-alls are.

Father Tovee, partially recovered from his late severe sick spell, but still wan and weak, was about, or the deuce only knows when the sparring would have begun, and even he had up-hill work to find out the proper material. At length, and when all had come who intended coming, Billy Dwyer and Billy McGrath, returned Californians of no small repute, appeared with their coats off and gloves on, and squared to it. McGrath is almost as big as Morrissey, and has his position to a dot, as Lawrence and others remarked, and is the only man we have yet met with who ever put up his hands like the great betting sport, but when it came to hitting or stopping, he "warn't thar," and Dwyer, at great risk, to be sure, landed six blows to McGrath's one; it looked very dangerous work, did Billy's going straight up to the burly and powerful McGrath; for the big 'un made some desperate upper-cuts, which, had they caught their object, might have sent Dwyer looking for a place to lie down. McGrath had all the motions, yet lacked judgement, or he must have made it hot for his opponent, but the set-to spoke well for Dwyer.

TOMMY WRIGHT and Tommy Joyce, who go down to the sea in ships when not boarding at Billy McLain's in Oliver street, were well matched in spunk and strength. Wright, the youth in the blue shirt, was particularly good, evincing a nautical knowledge of all the points requisite in a boxer, and, to judge by his sparring, we should say that he ought to make a rattling fight with anybody who looks like or don't look like him, if not too big. There was not much the matter with Joyce, except that his crab-shells were much too heavy and prevented his getting around as lively as he otherwise might.

Harry Hill's performance with Kehoe's clubs, 19's and 40's, looked easy work for him, but let any other body not used to them try to swing the 19's, to say nothing of the 40's, and, our word for it, he won't find it as easy as it looks to be. They are bully tools for working with, though, for light-waisted mechanics, and act on more muscles and sinews than any of the gymnastic appliances known to the Materia Medica. As the doctors say, one trial only is necessary to convince the most skeptical.

ED. Lowery and Geo. Clancy had a right down or downright hard bout of it, administering and receiving some very hard raps all over their castors, which caused the perspiration to flow freely, and made their mugs as red as the gills of a turkey rooster.

Ed Toohey and Toole amused themselves and the audience at the same time by their manœuvres, but it was evident that Toohey had no wish to do much injury to Toole, and the latter seemed to be pleased that such was the case. We expect to see more of the light-haired Dry Dock favorite in future.

Kelly and Mahony, two tall, clean built, fine looking young fellows, made as fine a display for men of their size as we have witnessed for quite a while, showing off some very clean hitting and stopping, and considerable activity in getting in and out of danger. At some more suitable occasion it would be well for either one to try their skill on some of the more noted boxers.

Peter Daly and Billy Donnelly in the wind-up was a disappointment as far as the Californian was concerned, the young landlord of the 'Do Drop" having to make all the overtures and demonstrations, Peter acting on the defensive nearly altogether, being continually on the retreat and keeping so stiff a guard that it was next to impossible to make anything out of him. The set-to confirmed our suspicions when reading the account of the fight in California, to wit, that Daly is no sparrer, whatever he may be as a fighter, and "with these few remarks," as put the speakers say after talking about two hours, we dismiss the subject.

$2000 PRIZE FIGHT NEAR CLAYMONT STATION,

BETWEEN

TWO PHILADELPHIA FIREMEN.

JOHN WADE and Bill Farrell, both members of Hibernia Engine Company, Philadelphia, anxious to test their merits as modern gladiators, made a match on the 13th of January, to fight according to the rules of the Ring, for $1000 a side, and among the fire laddies of Old Fully the affair created a good deal of talk and speculation. Having scarcely three weeks from the day the match was made to train for the event, Farrell secured the services of Johnny McGlade to look after him, and at once went to work exercising in earnest at Point Breeze, just below the city, while Ward engaged Dan Kane, of New Orleans, to get him in fix, and took up his quarters also in the lower part of the Neck, bringing the principals and their trainers in close contiguity. The agreement was for the fight to come off within fifty miles of the city, on the 21 of February, and in addition to the Philadelphians, quite a number of New Yorkers, who happened to be on a visit there, directed their steps towards Claymont Station, distant about twenty miles, on the route of the Philadelphia and Wilmington Railroad, to the number of from 1000 to 1200 people. After some difficulty, owing to the frozen state of the earth, a ring was pitched soon after eight o'clock. The betting, what there was of it, was even. Ward, attended by Jemmy Wade and a Brooklynite, made two unsuccessful attempts to hurl his nob over into the ring, it falling outside both times; he then crossed the ropes, and his cap was cast after him. His backers already felt uneasy in their boots, as they regarded the preliminaries as an omen of everything but success. Added to this, Farrell, who had for his seconds Johnny McGlade and a friend, won the choice of corners, and this selection placed Ward where the sun shone full in his face. The difficulty of choosing a referee was soon got over by the selection of Johnny Lazarus to fill that important office. In the first round, Farrell showed blood on his bugle, and was thrown by Ward—the hitting about even. Second, Farrell got on to Ward's left eye and right jaw—Ward delivering on the ribs and nose, and throwing his man. Third, a splendid round, Ward showing the marks of his opponent's work, the left eye being in deep mourning, and giving notice of "early closing," while Farrell was unharmed, except a slight trickling of blood from the nose. Farrell took the initiative, and put in right and left on the right eye and on the mouth, drawing blood with a cut on the eye, and swelling on the right side of the lip, which bled freely. Ward fought for the body, where he administered some severe doses. They made a break but at it again with exchanges in favor of Farrell, who put in his left and right straight on the face, and cutting at nearly every blow, they fell side by side. Fourth, another rattling round much in favor of Farrell, who had two good eyes and but little the matter with him except a bloody nose—in the end, however, he was thrown, the fall having no apparent effect on him. From this time up to the 34th round, the fighting was in favor of Farrell, who inflicted by far the greater amount of punishment with but little hurt to his own mug. Ward generally threw Farrell, although on one or two occasions the latter managed to turn his man over a couple of times. Farrell now began to show signs of distress, his lips and chin quivering as if from cold, and displaying signs of weakness. Ward, on the contrary, although bleeding from every part of his face, but his man most bravely and fought him in Farrell's own corner, forcing him down time after time. Ward never shirked and scarcely tried to stop a blow, seeming inclined to depend upon a chance blow to turn the battle and knock his opponent out of time.

As round after round succeeded each other, it was evident both the brave Ward's eyes were closing, while nothing but a shivering weakness showed upon Farrell. Ward had been cautioned with regard to hitting foul. He rushed the fighting each time, Farrell getting down in his own corner at each successive round and rush of his opponent. The forty-fifth round was a rush by Ward at Farrell in his corner, who speedily got down, and a claim of foul was made to the referee, who, on advancing to the corner of Ward, said he had before cautioned him, and he must decide that Farrell had won the fight, Ward having administered the blow while Farrell was on the ground. Ward would not hear of it, and said he could whip his man if his right eye would only keep open ten minutes. The referee's fiat was given, and the ring was soon filled. In about a minute or two after all was over, an alarm was given that the military were at hand, and every one was on the scamper. Scattering shots were soon heard, and the whistling of the deadly leaden missiles were soon distinctly audible.

Numbers made their escape, but some two hundred and fifty were kept within the enclosure by the bayonets of the United States regulars, who seemed to relish the idea of shooting a few of their prisoners. All were ordered to fall into line, and the prisoners were marched to the Station. The prisoners took every opportunity of escaping, and by the time the train arrived at Wilmington there were not more than sixty, and some of those afterwards escaped.

The party were marched through the streets like a drove of sheep, and placed under guard, in an empty building of the most filthy description. After two hours' detention, the party was marched to the City Hall, where they were kept standing for nearly an hour, to the delight of the gaping citizens. All were ultimately turned over to the Mayor, who, the next day, discharged the whole lot, with the exception of the unfortunate loser, Ward, who was bound over to answer.

PAT MCKEON VS. THE BELFAST BARBER.—This match, owing to the reticence of the Barber, has fallen through. To make the Knight of the Shears and Razor come up or stump up, Pat McKeon is anxious to fight him for $500 of his own money, or if that is too much for him and his friends to raise amongst them, he will fight him for fun. What says Smithy to this?

KIT BURNS IN TROUBLE.—This Fourth-ward celebrity was brought up before the Court of Special Sessions on the 31 inst., for alleged mayhem, said to have been committed on the nose of one Brown, who keeps a "ball room" in Water street. His case was sent to the Court of General sessions, and Kit was ordered to give bail to answer the charges.

MUSCULAR EXHIBITION IN HUDSON.—Harry Hill, the wrestler and club swinger, has been invited to give a club *soiree* before the citizens of Hudson, on Tuesday, the 14th inst., at the Town Hall, for which purpose he proposes to take a troupe of performers there, comprising boxers, clog and jig dancers, banjo players, singers, "et al genus omnes," if you know who they are. They expect to have a good time, and make a good thing out of it.

JOHN MORRISSEY'S income is set down as $9,050, while that of Cornelius Vanderbilt, another prominent resident of the Eighth Congressional District, is $680,728.

OFF FOR HARTFORD.—Johnny Aaron, the Pride of the Lane, and Jack Turner, the Musical Genius and boxing hero, intend making an excursion to Hartford the latter part of the week, where they will give a grand sparring entertainment. As it is some months since anything of the kind has transpired there, they ought to get a bumper.

BILLIARDS.

Irving Hall.

BILLIARDS.
GRAND RETURN MATCH
BETWEEN
MELVILLE FOSTER, of New York,
and
JOHN DEERY, of Washington, D. C.,
Carom Game of 1500 points,
for $500,
SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11th, 1865.
Doors open at 6 o'clock; play to commence at 7 o'clock.
TICKETS ONE DOLLAR,
For sale at all the principal Billiard Rooms. 44-1t*

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

CURIOUS DEVELOPMENTS IN RELATION TO THE LATE MATCH AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC—THE FORTHCOMING CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST BETWEEN FOX AND KAVANAGH—SPICY CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT—THE NELMS AND FOSTER CHALLENGE.

For some time past, parties conversant with the inner circles of billiards in this city, and their proceedings, have been well aware of the existence, among an influential clique composed of one or two leading professionals, pseudo professionals, and ambitious amateurs, of a movement, the professed object of which was to cause a complete disruption of the friendly relations and social ties of good feeling which have hitherto existed among the billiard profession of the United States. The evidences of this spirit, so disgraceful to the parties implicated, was first observed on the occasion of the first match for the Championship between Dudley Kavanagh and Phil. Tieman, of Cincinnati, in this city, in April of last year, when the latter was treated by the party in question (and whom it is unnecessary to designate by name, as they are all well known to every billiard player) with a studied want of courtesy and illiberality of feeling strangely in contrast with that hospitable kindness and generous welcome which had been extended to the same party by Mr. Tieman in his own city. So manifest was the exhibition of this spirit, that on the occasion of Phil. Tieman's second match with Kavanagh for the Championship, in New York, in September last, the former positively expressed his intention of withdrawing from the contest in the event of the leader of the clique being selected a second time by Kavanagh to officiate as his umpire. Long before this event, we had observed the under-current of hostility against the true interests of billiards exhibited by this cabal, and in the CLIPPER of October 8th, last year, we warned them that if their evil machinations were persisted in, we would expose their identity to the public, and the true origin of their animosity to an individual who has done more to promote the material prosperity of the billiard profession and elevate the game in social estimation than any man living. Our warning has been disregarded, for the same spirit of hostility which was exhibited against Tieman, and was expressed in threats that "he should be clubbed out of the city," and that "they would make it hot for him," has been manifested against William Goldthwait of this city in both his matches. On the occasion of his first contest with Kavanagh in the Hippotheatron for the Champion Cue in June last, a partisan feeling of nationality was engendered by this clique, Kavanagh being an Irishman and Goldthwait an American, thus bringing into what ought to be, and were originally intended to be fair, honorable contests of artistic skill, an element which ought to be most rigidly excluded. After their first match, the individual who is the most prominent member of the clique alluded to, feeling offended at some of Goldthwait's comments on the proceedings connected with the contest, publicly stated his intention of preventing the latter from ever again playing for the Champion Cue, and a plot was arranged to effect this object. The scheme was for Melvin Foster to challenge for the cue which Kavanagh was to resign to him on the plea that the stakes played for in championship matches are too small to compensate him, and then in the event of Foster being defeated by any challenger, Kavanagh would again enter the lists, and play the victor. It will thus be seen that the champion himself was in league and identified with the party referred to. Fortunately for the interests of the game and the reputation of the principals, this scheme was defeated by the arrival of Tieman's challenge for a second match, thus taking precedence in point of order of their contemplated champion. We by no means desire it to be understood that Foster was cognizant of, or endorsed this "little arrangement," indeed we do not believe that it met with his approval. After Goldthwait had challenged a second time for the Cue, every obstacle was thrown in the way to prevent the match coming off, and our readers will remember the repeated delays and postponements which ensued before it was brought to an issue last month in the Academy of Music. How that match was conducted by the Champion, or rather the Manager of the Champion, the leader of the aforesaid clique, is well known to all, and has excited the animadversions of the entire press of this city. We ourselves did not hesitate to express our opinions of it at the time, and we learn that Goldthwait himself intends making public some curious developments in connection with the management, and the manner in which he was treated. Indeed, he does not hesitate to ascribe his defeat to the influences brought to bear against him, especially in the pre-arranged, wilful neglect of not having the hall warmed on the intensely bitter cold night when the match was played. Probably next week we may be in a position to say more on this subject.

Immediately after the termination of the contest between Kavanagh and Goldthwait, it was publicly announced that Louis Fox of Rochester had challenged for the Champion Cue, and had deposited in the hands of Mr. Phelan the customary forfeit of $250. In accordance with the rules laid down by the Billiard Congress of 1863. This was all *en regle*, and in perfect order; but the clique were opposed to Fox on account of the warm friendship which existed between him and Tieman, and they determined to prevent him playing, if possible. For this purpose John Deery, on the occasion of his late match with Melvin Foster in Washington, was sounded on the matter, and a proposition made that he should challenge for the Cue and that they would take care he had the precedence over Fox in playing the match. The well-known billiard writer "Tivag," who was present in Washington while the affair was being arranged and was cognizant of it, thus speaks:

"Although Lewis Fox of Rochester was there and had his challenge in, and forfeit deposited, in the regular manner, according to the rules of the Billiard Congress; and even before the last match, and when it was impossible to know who would be Champion; still we regret to observe a movement on foot to 'chisel' him out of his right to play. Now we want to caution the movers in this disgraceful affair that their attempt will prove abortive. Either Kavanagh must play Fox, or resign possession of the Champion Cue. This is not the first attempt of Kavanagh's managers to endeavor to get him to sanction acts which would cast a stigma on his reputation, which it would be impossible for him to recover from. However, we abstain from further developments at the present time, hoping that Kavanagh will promptly meet Mr. Phelan (Fox's authorized representative) and arrange for the match without delay. As we informed Kavanagh in Washington *we will not misrepresent him*, but unless he comes promptly up to the scratch, the public shall know the facts."

Deery, fortunately for his own reputation, refused to be made a cat's paw by the clique, and another move was resorted to. Mr. Phelan, who had been authorized by Mr. Fox to act as his representative, and who held his $250 deposit, wrote to the Champion, requesting him to appoint a time and place where he could meet and arrange with him the date of the match. To this Kavanagh, who now throws off the mask, and identifies himself with the clique, replies in the following letter:

83 NASSAU STREET, New York, Jan. 30, 1865.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:*—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your note, dated 20th inst., informing me that Mr. Louis Fox has deposited in your hands the usual forfeit ($250), for the purpose of making good his claim to play the winner of the late match between Mr. Goldthwait and myself, and requesting an appointment with me at which you may arrange the details for such a match; and in reply I have to state: That by the terms of the Billiard Congress, held June, 1863, in this city, you were, at your own suggestion, appointed permanent stakeholder in all matches for the Billiard Championship of America, and that you then accepted that office.

Nevertheless, on Dec. 4, 1864, in disregard of your self-sought duties, you wrote me a note apprising me that "for private and satisfactory reasons," giving no statement of what they were, you declined acting as stakeholder in the (then) approaching match for the Championship between Goldthwait and myself, I have therefore to state, "for the private and satisfactory reasons" (which under your example I need not specify) I decline to accept you as stakeholder in the contemplated match between Mr. Louis Fox and myself, but that I shall be happy to treat with you at any place and hour you may name as the personal agent of Mr. Fox. Very respectfully yours, DUDLEY KAVANAGH,
Billiard Champion of America.

The falsity of the assertion that the office of stakeholder was sought by Mr Phelan at the Billiard Congress is apparent from the fact that in the entire proceedings of the Congress not a word about who should be appointed stakeholder was mentioned, as every member of that Congress, except Kavanagh, can testify. The truth is, that Messrs. Phelan and Collender, from their position in the billiard world, and the fact that it was to them that the credit of the idea of the National Billiard Tournament was to be attributed, and that the two prizes offered—the valuable Billiard Table and the "Golden Cue," the reward of the victor, were given by them, made them naturally regarded as the most proper parties for the office of stakeholder by the Congress. John Secreiter was the first challenger for the Cue, and he at once handed his forfeit money ($250) to these gentlemen, tacitly taking it for granted that none more suitable or better qualified could be found for the position. The want of courtesy in the above letter requires no comment, especially when the previous relations, business and social, between the parties are considered. Mr. Phelan replied in the following dignified terms, which contrast strangely with the insulting tenor of the other:

NEW YORK, Jan. 31st, 1865.

SIR:—Yours, in reply to my note soliciting on behalf of Mr. Louis Fox an interview with you, for the purpose of agreeing as to the terms of the forthcoming match for the Champion Cue, has been received. I am forced to overlook, for the present, the gross misstatements and the discourteous tenor of your note, and shall comply with your suggestion that we meet at the place named, on Tuesday, 31st inst., at 3 o'clock, P. M. In doing so, I wish it to be distinctly understood by you that I am guided solely by a regard for the rights of Mr. Fox, and as his representative am determined that no pretext shall intervene to needlessly postpone the playing of the proposed sixth match for the Championship of America at Billiards. Yours, in return, MICHAEL PHELAN.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH, Billiard Champion of America.

The parties met at the time and place named, and on early day in the month of May was agreed upon for the decision of the match, Mr. Phelan then handed to the party agreed upon as stakeholder, the $250 forfeit on the part of Mr. Fox, Kavanagh following suit. This is the first time, we are credibly informed, that Kavanagh has ever put up forfeit in any of his matches, he having always before neglected doing so, and thus left Mr. Phelan, as the stakeholder, to bear the onus of responsibility for him; indeed, on the occasion of his last match with Mr. Tieman, he had not put up one dollar of his stakes ($500) in the stakeholder's hands, who thus became virtually responsible for that amount for him. The firmness of Mr. Phelan, as the representative of Mr. Fox, in insisting upon the prompt specification of a time for the playing of the match, and his waiving all claim to his just right to be regarded as the legitimate stakeholder, has doubtless prevented a repetition of the annoying postponements attendant on the last match, by which the champion endeavored to delay, indefinitely, his trial of skill with Goldthwait.

GOLDTHWAIT'S CHALLENGE TO KAVANAGH.

The late unsuccessful aspirant for the Championship, not feeling satisfied that his opponent on that occasion is his superior at the game of billiards, issues the following challenge. He will play Kavanagh a series of games of 250 or 500 points up, in some suitable private room entirely disconnected with any billiard establishment, for a stake of not less than $100; at least three games to be played each meeting, (and he suggests that not less than two meetings be held each week) until one of them has won or lost not less than $2000, which last amount shall be placed by each of them in the hands of a mutually appointed stakeholder. The game to be the same, and on the same tables as the last match, and to be witnessed by not more than twenty friends of each party.

In this challenge, Goldthwait boldly avows his belief that from the peculiar management of the late contest, and other facts which have come to his knowledge, trickery will be resorted to, to prevent his meeting Kavanagh again in a public trial. When this was presented to the Champion, at Captain Boyle's billiard room, in Nassau street, by a gentleman acting for Goldthwait, the former took no further notice of it than by saying that "he had no answer to make to it." Surely if he thinks the amount of the stakes played for in the Championship Matches is not large enough, as his partisans maintain, he has here an opportunity of winning a sufficiently large pile, if he can, as he himself as well as his friends confidently believe, easily defeat his youthful challenger.

THE MRS. WHITE SUBSCRIPTION FUND.

The following subscriptions from the billiard professionals of the United States have been received. New York, Michael Phelan, $50; H. A. Collender, $25; Geo. E. Phelan, $25; P. T. Brainted, Jr., $10. Rochester, Louis Fox, $25. Washington, M. Geary, $50; John Deery, $25; I. Gayrand, $10; J. Flanigan, $10. Detroit, M. Foley, $25; J. Secreiter, $5. Boston, R. E. Williams, $15; W. A. Tobin, $5. Indianapolis, John McDivitt, $25. Hartford, M. Wollahan, $5. Cincinnati, P. Tieman, $25. Philadelphia, Chris. Bird, $50.80. Nett proceeds of Philadelphia Billiard Tournament, $89. J. Dean, Montreal, $25. This is exclusive of the contributions collected by several of the above professional gentlemen, Mr. Tie

THE BORE OF THE OIL BRIGADE.

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch downward,
Down to the gates of Hell
Bored the six hundred.
"Downward the Light Brigade!
Bore for the oil," they said—
Into the jaws of Hell
Bored the six hundred.

"Downward the Oil Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though each lessee knew
His cash was numbered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to bore or die—
Into the gates of Hell
Bored the six hundred.

Petroleum to right of them,
Rock oil to left of them,
Coal oil beneath them,
Quietly slumbered.
Stormed at with jeers and yells,
Deeply they bored the wells,
Down through the rocks of earth,
Down to the mouth of Hell,
Bored the six hundred.

Waved they their leases there
With a triumphant air,
Each greasy millionaire
Counted his profits while
All his friends wondered.
Plunged in the dirty soil,
Straight through the rocks they toil,
While the poor skeptic,
Struck by the smell of oil,
Thought he had blundered—
Sad he returned, but not
Yet the six hundred.

Oil was to right of them,
Oil was to left of them,
Oil far beneath them—
And yet they had blundered!
Stormed they with curses well,
While stock and courage fell,
Badly they wished to sell;
They woke from their golden dream,
Came from their oil-less wells,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred!

How can their glory fade?
How can their stocks be paid?
All the world wondered.
Look at the holes they made,
And honor the Oil Brigade—
Broken Six Hundred!

THE HAUNTED BARK.

A True Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It was a dark and tempestuous night, and the bark Wanderer, five days out from New York, was rolling heavily through the seas that was careering madly before the "Southwest gale."

The vessel's main topsail had been close reefed, and with the exception of the fore-topmast-staysail, this was all the canvas that she now carried. The rest of the sails had been snugly stowed upon the yards and the booms. Nevertheless the little bark reeled and staggered like a drunken man, rolling wildly from side to side, and burying her bows, and occasionally a portion of her windlass, at every plunge. The wind roared and shrieked dismally through the shrouds, and the tall masts creaked with a sharp, snapping noise, as though they were about to go by the board. At intervals a great sea would come thundering along, and sweep the decks fore and aft, compeling the watch to cling either to the shrouds, the running rigging, or the belaying pins, to prevent themselves from being washed away.

With the rest of my shipmates on deck, I had taken a position near the wheel house, and was watching the phosphorescent light gleaming afar over the dark waters, and now and then stealing a glance at the compass in the binnacle, when a sudden exclamation of surprise from an old seaman at my side, caused me to turn my head.

"What's the matter, Bill Bunk?"

"Aye, aye! what's the matter?" growled the old tar with an expression of horror upon his gray-bearded face. "You may well ask that, shipmates; but blow me; if I had knowed that what they said about this craft being haunted was true, if I'd a shipped in her—no; not if they'd ha' given me forty dollars a month!"

"Why, Bill! What d'ye mean? What's up, old mate?" inquired several voices.

"So you didn't see it?" inquired Bunk, pointing towards the mizzen top. "You didn't see it?"

"See what? No; we saw nothing! What d'ye mean?"

"Well!" continued Bill, in a solemn voice, p'r'aps you went see it again, and p'r'aps you will; but as true, mates, as I'm standing upon this deck—as true as my name's Bill Bunk—I saw just now a face—a strange-looking face, all wild and whitelike—a peering down at us over the edge of the mizzen top! Only an instant—a single instant did I see it! You couldn't have said Jack Robinson afore it was gone!"

We stared at the speaker in amazement. We had never known him to give utterance to a falsehood, and we could not doubt his word now. But perhaps his imagination had deceived him. There was a roll of canvas in the top, and the wind might have blown a portion of it over the edge, and the superstitious fancy of the old sailor have converted it into a face. As these ideas occurred to me, however, another exclamation broke from the lips of Bunk, and the rest of us followed the direction of his glance.

And then we saw it—saw that wild spectral face plainly enough peering down at us from the mizzen top! The light from a lantern in the rigging threw a fitful glare upon the ghastly features, the wild vacant eyes and the wavy hair! But the face remained visible for only a moment, and as it vanished we heard a hollow sepulchral groan.

We shuddered and looked at each other for a minute in mute astonishment.

Old Bill was the first to break the silence.

"I tell you what it is, mates," he said in a solemn voice, "there's no good to come of that sight! It's a sort of warnin' to us! The bark is doomed!"

"It's not the first time that face has been seen!" exclaimed one of the men. "Little Jack Ratlin saw it the other night while he was drawing some water from the scuttle-but. I've never spoken about it before," continued the speaker, "because I didn't believe the lad when he told me; I thought he was trying to spin a false yarn; but the thing isn't to be doubted now."

"Aye, aye, little Jack has mischief in him," said Bunk, "but he isn't the lad to make a joke of such a matter I can tell ye."

Jack Ratlin was the captain's only son and was almost idolized by his father. He was a smart, active, handsome boy of fifteen, a great favorite with all hands on account of his remarkable intelligence, and his kind and obliging disposition. He was ever ready to lend a helping hand to the old seamen whether they were at work below or aloft, and many of the delicacies of the cabin table found their way to the forecastle through his intercession with the old skipper and the steward.

No wonder then that old Bunk's shipmates were ready enough to agree with him when ever he said anything in the boy's favor.

"You are right, Bill!" exclaimed several voices after the old seaman had spoken. "Ratlin wouldn't joke about a matter of this kind. He saw the face as plainly as we saw it just now, and"—

"What's the matter here?" interrupted a deep voice, behind us at this juncture, and turning we beheld the captain of the bark.

Bunk acted the part of spokesman, and he had hardly concluded his statement when an exclamation from the skipper, as he glanced towards the mizzen-top announced that the vision had again made its appearance. The rest of us turned our gaze aloft but this time we only caught a momentary glimpse of the face as it was disppearing.

The skipper turned upon his heels and descended into the cabin from which he re-appeared the next moment holding in his hand a loaded rifle.

"Now lads," said he as he turned towards us and commenced to cock his piece, "we shall soon find out the charcter of that apparition. In my opinion it is some one of the other watch who has resorted to this means to play a trick upon us. I never did believe in ghosts."

"Captain," said old Bill solemnly, "I beg leave to differ from ye, about that thing up there being one of the other watch; for I'm pretty sure, sir, that the men of the other watch are all sound asleep in their bunks in the fo'castle."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the captain. "However, you may go to the forecastle and take a look in the bunks and see whether or not they are all there."

The old seaman rolled off upon his mission, and returned in the course of a few minutes with the information that every man belonging to the other watch was in his bunk. The captain seemed both surprised and puzzled.

"I don't understand it," he muttered thoughtfully. "It is a mystery, sure enough. "Where's Jack?" he suddenly added, in a voice of suspicion. "Have any of you seen him to-night?"

"Not since eight bells," replied Bunk, and the same statement was made by the rest of the men.

The captain then darted to the steerage hatch, opened it, and descended into a small apartment in the hold, which was the sleeping chamber of his son and the steward. The latter he found buried in a profound slumber, and he then pulled aside the curtain of his son's bunk.

"Aye, aye, here he is," muttered the skipper, as his eyes feel upon a mass of black curling hair protruding from under the upper edge of the coverlet—"here he is, sure enough. And now the question is, who in the name of Jonah is that strange creature in my mizzen-top? I saw the face plainly enough. Perhaps it is an apparition after all! I have heard of such things, and yet I am determined to put this ghost to the proof before I shall believe that it is not real flesh and blood!"

With these words, the captain made his way to the deck and joined the group under the wheel-house. Then taking his rifle from the hands of old Bill, in whose charge he had left it, he aimed it towards the top.

"Captain! captain! for God's sake don't fire!" shouted the old seaman, in a husky voice. "It will never do to fire at a spirit, and——"

"Hush!" interrupted the skipper, in a low voice; "I am not going to fire. I shall only pretend that I am going to do so, in order to see what the creature is made of." Then in a loud voice he shouted: "Whoever you are, skulking in that mizzen-top, come down at once, or I shall fire upon you!"

A hollow groan was the only response.

The skipper repeated his threat, and then that wild, ghastly face, with its staring eyes and colorless lips, was again protruded over the edge of the top.

"Come down, I say, or I'll fire!" reiterated the skipper, in a husky voice.

But the face of the apparition remained stationary, the eyes still glaring upon us with a fixed stare, the lips still mute!

While our eyes were still rivetted upon it, the vessel rolled heavily, the captain's foot slipped, and as he was endeavoring to regain his balance, the barrel of the uplifted rifle came into violent contact with the edge of the wheel-house, causing the weapon to discharge its contents. Simultaneously with the report, a wild cry of anguish was heard, and the next moment a youthful form descended from the mizzen-top to the deck.

The captain snatched the lantern from the rigging, and bounded to the side of the prostrate figure.

Then the red light streaming full upon the upturned face, revealed to us the features of Jack Ratlin, the captain's only son!

A small stream of blood had trickled from the forehead over the left eye. The bullet from his father's rifle had pierced the brain of the unfortunate boy, and he was now dead!

There he lay before us with glazed eyes, clotted hair, and mute but half parted lips, looking ghastly enough with the hue of death upon him, to say nothing of the white chalk marks that covered his skin, and with which he had disfigured it in order to play his part of ghost to perfection.

"No! no! this is not he!" shrieked the skipper, maddened with his grief. "Oh, no! no! you must not tell me that this is my boy. Oh! my God! my God!"

With a few bounds he cleared the space between himself and the steerage, and the next moment he had entered the apartment below and pulled aside the curtain of his son's bunk.

The black curly hair was still there, protruding above the edge of the coverlet, but a close examination showed the grief stricken man that it was nothing more than a wig (which the skipper had worn when he was a young man, to conceal a large bald spot on the top of his head, and which he had lately kept in his sea-trunk—artfully placed upon a block of wood.

The lad, in planning the "trick" which had met with such a fatal termination, had evidently surmised that he would be searched for, and on that account had prepared in his bunk the deception alluded to, before making his way to the mizzen-top.

We have but a few more words to add. The body of little Ratlin was sadly dropped into the blue depths of the ocean on the day after his death. The old skipper did not long survive his son. He died of brain fever before the vessel arrived at her first port.

A CAPITAL COMIC SKETCH.

Dog Fight in Frogtown.

THERE is an excellent moral to the following story, which is told with great skill. It shows us how a whole village is sometimes torn to pieces by a fight between two puppies.

The most remarkable dog fight on record came off at Frogtown, on the frontier of Maine, some years ago. It engrossed the entire community in one indiscriminate melee—interminable law-suits or suits at law—distraction of the town, its downfall or ruin.

A fanciful genius, named Joe Tucker, a man about town, a lounger, without visible means of support—a do-nothing loafing, cigar-smoking, good-natured fellow, owned a dog; a sleek, intelligible, and rather pretty beast, always at Joe's heels, and known as well as his master, and liked far more by the Frogtowners. One day Joe and his dog were passing Bunion's grocery store, when a pie-bald, ugly-looking dog, standing alongside a wood wagon, bounded on to Joe Tucker's dog—knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob Carter's wife, who was passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop with dinner, that she stumbled backwards, and her old sun bonnet flopped off, and scared the horse attached to the wagon. He started, hit Latherem's barber pole, upset a load of wood, all of which falling down Gumbo's refreshment cellar, struck one of Gumbo's children on the head, killed it for a short time stone dead, and so alarmed Mrs. Gumbo, that she dropped a stew pan of boiling hot oysters into the lap instead of the dish of the customer who sat waiting for the savory concoction by a table in the corner. Mrs. Gumbo rushed for the child; the customer for the door. Mrs. Gumbo screamed, the child screamed, and the customer yelled!

"Oh, oh! oh-oh-oh, my poor child!" cried Mrs. Gumbo.

"Eh, e-he-e-e-e," screamed the poor child!

"Oh, murder-r-r! Oh, my everlasting sir, I'm sealed to all eternity!"

"Murder, murder!" roared the poor customer.

The horse, the part of the wagon, and some wood were in their mad career. The owner of the strange dog came out of the store just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the savage dog; and not waiting to see Joe let drive, gave him such a pop on the back, that poor Joe fell forty rods up the street, and striking a long ladder upon which Jim Ederby was perched, paint-pot in hand, some thirty feet from *terra firma*, brought ladder, Jim, and paint-pot sprawling to the earth, crippling poor Jim for life, and sprinkling blue paint over the broadcloths, sattinets and calicoes of Abraham Miller, a formal and even-tempered Quaker, who ran out to the door just as the two dogs had gone fairly at it, hip and thigh, nip and catch. A glance at matters seemed to convince Abraham of the true state of the case; and in an unusually elevated voice, Abraham called out to Joe Tucker, who had righted up:

"Joseph Tucker, thy dog's a-fighting!"

"Let 'em fight it out," yelled the pugnacious owner of the strange dog. "Let them fight it out; I'll bet a log of wood my dog can eat any dog in town, and I can eat the owner."

We have said Abraham Miller was a quiet man; Quakers are proverbially so. But the gauntlet thrown down by the stranger from the country, stirred the gall of Abraham, and he rushed into the store; from the back yard, having slipped his collar, Abraham brought forth a brindle cur, strong, low and powerful.

"Friend," said the excited Quaker, "thy dog shall be well beaten, I promise thee! Hyke, seize upon him!"

"Turk, here, boy."

And the dogs went at it.

Bob Carter, the smith, coming up in time to hear the stranger's defiance to the town, and bent on a fight with somebody for the insult and damage done to his wife, clamped the collar of the stranger, and by a series of ten-pound-ten upon the face, back and sides of his bully antagonist, with his natural sledge-hammers, Bob stirred up the strength and ire of the bully stranger to the top of his compass, and they made the sparks fly dreadfully.

Joe Tucker's dog, reinforced by Abraham Miller's, took a fresh start, and between the two the strange dog was being cruelly put to his trumps. Deacon Pugh, one of the most pious and substantial men in Frogtown, came up, and indeed the whole town was assembling, and Deacon Pugh armed with a heavy walking-stick, and shocked at the spectacle before him, marched up to the dogs, exclaiming, as he did so:

"Fie, fie, for shame! disgraceful!—you mean citizens of Frogtown, will you stand by and——"

"Don't thee, don't thee strike my dog, Deacon Pugh!" cried Abraham Miller, advancing to the Deacon, who was about to cut right and left among the dogs with his cane.

"Your dogs!" shouted the Deacon, with evident fervor.

"Not my dogs, Deacon Pugh," said the Quaker.

"What did you say so for, then?" shouted the Deacon.

"I never said dogs, Deacon Pugh."

"You did!" responded the Deacon, with excitement.

"Deacon Pugh, thee speaks groundlessly," said the Quaker.

"You tell a falsehood, Abraham Miller!"

"Thee utters a mendacious assertion," reiterated Abraham.

"You—you—you tell a lie!" bawled the Deacon.

"Thee has provoked my evil passion, Deacon Pugh," shouted the stalwart Quaker, "and I will chastise thee."

And into the Deacon's wool went the Quaker. The Deacon, nothing loth, entered into the thing, and we leave them thus to "nip and tuck," to look to the stranger and Bob Carter, who fought and fit, and fit and fought, until Squire Catchem and the constable came up, and in the attempt to preserve the peace and arrest the offenders, the Squire was thrust through the window of a neighboring watchmaker, doing a heap of damage, while lawyer Hooker, in attempting to aid the constable, was hit in a mistake by the furious blacksmith in the short ribs, and went reeling down Gumbo's cellar with frightful velocity. The friends and fellow churchmen of Deacon Pugh took sides against the Quaker antagonist, and the shop boys of Abraham, seeing their employer thus beset, came to the rescue, while two Irishmen, full of fun and frolic, believing it to be a "free fight," tried their hands and sticks upon the combatants indiscriminately, so that in less than half an hour the happy village of Frogtown was shaken from its propriety by one grand, sublimely ridiculous and most terrific battle.

Heads and windows were smashed, children and women screamed, dogs barked, dust flew, labor ceased, and so furious, mad and excited became the whole community, that a quiet looker-on, if there had been any, would have sworn the evil ones were all in Frogtown.

A heavy thunder storm finally put an end to the row, the dogs were all more or less killed, a child severely wounded, a man scalded, a wagon broke, the horse ran himself to death, his owner badly beaten by Bob Carter, whose wife and the wives of many others were dangerously scared, the painter was crippled, dry goods ruined; a Quaker and a Deacon, two Irishmen, Joe Tucker, town constable, lawyer Hooker, Squire Catchem, and some fifty others most shamefully whipped. Lawsuits ensued, feuds followed, and the entire peace and good repute of Frogtown annihilated—all by a remarkable dog fight.

THE SHOWMAN IN BOSTON.

ARTEMUS WARD, who recently lectured the people of Boston, gives the following remarks about that strange city in a letter to his Betsey:

"The winder of my room commands a exhilaratin view of Copp's Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the Reformers and sich, lies berried. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is wimmin who wear him next their harts. But I do not weep for him. He's bin dead too lengthy. I aint goin to be absurd, like old Mr. Skillins, in our naberhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every 'lection day, and weeps Bitterly because he haint got no Parents. He's a nice Orphan, *he* is.

Bunker Hill is over yonder in Charleston. In 1775 a thrillin' dramy was acted out over there, in which the "Warren Combination" played star parts.

Old Mr. Fanuel is ded, but his Hall is still into full blarst. This is the Cradle in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess hasn't bin very well durin the past few years, and the num'ris quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men who understand their bizness, major-generally speaking, and I think the day is near when she'll be able to eat her three meals a day, and sleep nights as comf'bly as in the olden time.

The Common is here as ushil; and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with some Bildins, is a unhappy Outcast in Naponsit.

The State House is filled with statesmen, but sum of 'em wear queer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stair in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevailn' stile or ten years behind it—jest as a intellectual person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin' with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the Eye of 1000 ages was onto we American peple of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wantid to know if I had seen the Great Orgin?

Harvard College. This celebrated institootion of learnin' is pleasantly situated in the Bar-room of Parker's, in School street, and has poopils from all over the country.

I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. "& this," I said to a man who was drivin' a yoke of oxen, "this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground."

"Wall," the man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat, 'tain't worth a dam. But have you seen the Grate Orgin?"

I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty gal in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and, smiling in a seductiv' manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't I remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin' a Bar'l of mackril—he died there, so I conclood you aint *him*." I didn't pursoo the conversation, I only heard her silvery voice once more durin' the remainder of the jerney. Turnin' to a respectable-lookin' female of advanced summers, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin.

We old chaps, my dear, air apt to forgit that it was sum time since we was infants, and et lite food. Nothin' of further int'rist took place on the cars excep a colored gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Brestpin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told him I wouldn't—not a *purpuss*.

Altho' fur from the prahayries, there is abundants of wild game in Boston, such as quails, snipes, plover and Props.

I ment to have allooded to the Grate Orgin in this letter, but I haven't seen it. Mr. Reveer, whose tavern I stop at, informs me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his nativ town in New Hampshire, any clear day. But settin' the Grate Orgin aside (and indeed I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there), Boston is one of the grandest, surefootedest, clear-headedest, comfortablest cities on the globe. Onlike every other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to have bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein' swindled in some way, from the Risin of the Sun to the goin' down thereof. There I say, loud and continnered applause for Boston!

IMPORTANCE OF REST.

In his excellent *Herald of Health*, Dr. Trall thus sagely advises *rest!*—How much has been written about water, air, food, exercise, dress, and other hygienic materials and influences, and how little about *rest!* As a remedial measure, *rest* is of vastly more importance than has been generally supposed. As a therapeutic means its place is at the very head of the *hygienic materia medica*. Very little skill, comparatively, is required for a practitioner of the Hygeio-Therapeutic school, to know when to do something and what to do. But a vastly greater fund of professional knowledge is required to know when and how to *let the patient alone*.

One half the world is drugged to death when sick, and one half of the remainder is fretted to death. We have frequently saved life by standing between the patient and their friends. The world has got a bad fashion of making a terrible ado, keeping up a constant consternation, nursing and fussing continually, while anxious relatives, sympathizing friends, mysteriously gibbering doctors, meddlesome nurses, and whispering watchers, add their mite of mighty influence on the wrong side, and all because somebody is sick and needs rest. And the whole mischief is traceable to a false dogma in medical science in relation to the nature of the disease.

The authors teach that disease is an entity, a thing which travels about, pervades the air, penetrates our dwellings, and finally attacks us; and this absurd phantasm is easily transmogrified by the ignorant and unthinking multitude (unthinking on this subject, we mean) into something analagous to a witch, a ghost, a goblin, spook, fiend or demon, which nothing but the doctor's poisons, dealt out by the doctor's own hand or pen, can assuage, pacify, eradicate, exorcise, kill, or cure. The charms, incantations, and amulets of the ancients were not more silly, and the necromancy and pow-wows of the Indian tribes of the present day are not more ridiculous (and they are predicated on precisely the same false notions of the nature of disease,) than are the dosing and drugging and slopping and stuffing and watching and fretting of the regular physicians of today and the patrons and nurses of their school.

Nine out of ten of all the maladies of all the people of the world would get well in a few hours, or days, *if left to themselves*, with no other appliances than such as instinct would suggest and common sense employ. Yet in nine cases out of ten the doctor is called, and if he be a drugopathic doctor, one half his patients are in danger of a protracted illness, and one half of these are sure of a ruined constitution, not because of the disease, but in *consequence* of the drugs. When we visit a patient in the country, our greatest difficulty is to keep the friends quiet, when nothing but letaloneativeness is needed. All are willing to do something; every one is anxious to lend a helping hand; and people generally estimate a physician's knowledge and skill by the extent or variety of his prescriptions. Few can understand the quietly-working, yet efficient remedial resources of nature when undisturbed.

HOW THE LONDON BUTCHER BOYS SERENADED.

Cleavers vs. Marrowbones.

Hogarth, in his delineation of the marriage of the Industrious Apprentice to his master's daughter, takes accasion to introduce a set of butchers coming forward with marrowbones and cleavers, and roughly pushing aside those who doubtless considered themselves as the legitimate musicians. We are thus favored with a memorial of what might be called one of the old institutions of the London vulgar—one just about to expire, and which has, in reality, become obsolete in the greater part of the metropolis. The custom in question was one essentially connected with marriage. The performers were the butchers' men—the "bonny boys that wear the sleeves of blue." A set of these lads, having duly prepared themselves for the purpose, made a point of attending in front of a house containing a marriage party, with their cleavers, and each provided with a marrow-bone, wherewith to perform a sort of rude serenade, of course with the expectation of a fee in requital of their music. Sometimes the group would consist of four, the cleaver of each being ground to the production of a certain note; but a full band—one entitled to the highest grade of reward—would be not less than eight, producing a complete octave; and, where there was a fair skill, this series of notes would have all the fine effect of a peal of bells. When this serenade happened in the evening, the men would be dressed neatly in clean blue aprons, each with a portentous wedding favor of white paper in his breast or hat. It was wonderful with what quickness and certainty, under the enticing presentment of beer, the serenaders got wind of a coming marriage, and with what tenacity of purpose they would go on with their performance until the expected crown or half-crown was forthcoming. The men of Clare Market were reputed to be the best performers, and their guerdon was always on the highest scale accordingly. A merry rough affair it was; troublesome somewhat to the police, and not always relished by the party for whose honor it was designed; and sometimes, when a musical band came upon the ground at the same time, or a set of boys would please to interfere with pebbles rattling in tin canisters, thus throwing a sort of burlesque on the performance, a few blows would be interchanged. Yet the marrowbone and cleaver epithalamium seldom failed to diffuse a good humor throughout the neighborhood; and one can not but regret that it is rapidly passing among the things that were.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

W. H. L., New York.—It is not incumbent to notify an adversary when his Queen is in danger. To announce when the King is in check is a very different matter.

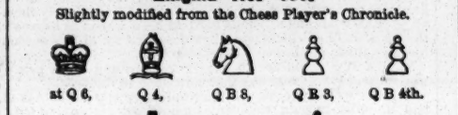
GEO. SHELDON, 3d Mich. Infantry.—Money rec'd and book forwarded on the 27th ult.

CHESS IN BOSTON.—The Boston Chess Club recently held its annual meeting, at which the following gentlemen were elected to the respective offices named:—For President, S. Willard; Vice Presidents, P. Ware, Jr., and J. W. Barton; Treasurer, F. Keyes; Secretary, J. Crane; Chairman Ex. Committee, Dr. S. J. Wetherbee.

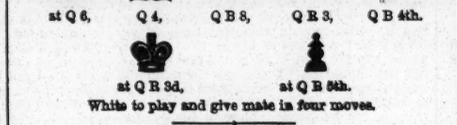
CHESS REVIEW.—Herr Loewenthal gives us in the *Era* his usual "Annual Chess Review;" but there having been no chess events of any very marked importance during the past year, it is unusually brief, and this lessened quantity is comparatively tame. We quote, however, from the opening paragraph. He says:—"No match between great players has enlivened our chess circles, and no reunion of importance has dispelled the pervading dulness of the Metropolitan season. Nevertheless, the general interests of chess have not been suffered to decay; every year it becomes more and more a popular recreation, while its literature has received, during the past twelve months, several valuable and important accessions. And while our former chess establishments continue to flourish, new clubs are constantly arising, where zealous neophytes prosecute with untiring ardor the study of its mysteries." The prosperity of the three great Metropolitan clubs, together with Ries' Divan, Purssell's two new chess rooms, the Blackheath C. C., Herr L's lectures on chess, the new club at Bristol, and the brilliant Bristol meeting of last Sept., are all briefly but appropriately noticed. Suitable mention is also made of numerous individual players whose efforts in the cause of chess have merited such distinction—Capt. Kennedy being deservedly conspicuous.

Enigma No. 466.

Slightly modified from the Chess Player's Chronicle.



at Q 6, Q 4, Q B 8, Q R 3, Q B 4th.



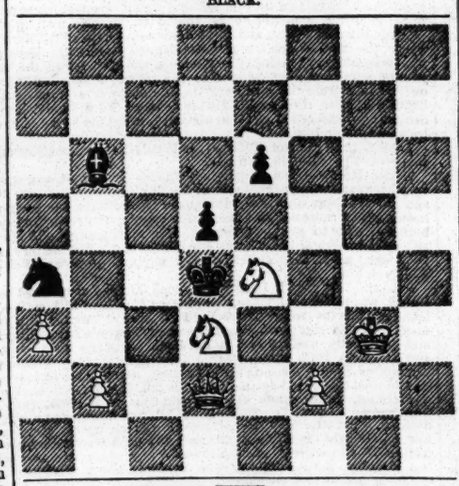
at Q R 3d, at Q B 8th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 466.

BY HERR F. G. WIECK, OF LEIPSIC.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 466.

Parts contested in the New York Chess Club, between Col. C. D. Mead and Mr. James Thompson.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Attack, Col. Mead.	Defence, Mr. Thompson.	Attack, Col. Mead.	Defence, Mr. Thompson.
1. P to Q R 3	P to K 4	22. Q × K R	Q B to K 3
2. P-Q B 4	P-K B 4	23. Q-B 8 +	Q B-Kt sq
3. Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	24. Q B-Q 3 (c)	Q-K Kt 2
4. P-K 3 (a)	P-Q B 3	25. Q × B P	Q Kt-Q 2
5. P-Q 4	P-K 5	26. K B × P	Q R-K sq
6. P-K B 3	K B-Q 3	27. B × Kt P	Q B-K 3
7. K B-K 2	Castles	28. Q-K R 5	Kt-K B 3
8. Q-her Kt 3	K-his B sq	29. Q × R 2d P	Q B-Q 4 +
9. K Kt-R 3	K P × P	30. K-his B sq	Q × Q
10. K B × P	K Kt-his 5	31. Q B × Q	R-K Kt sq
11. P-K Kt 3	Kt × R P	32. Q B-K 3	B B × P
12. K-his B 2	Kt-his 5 +	33. Kt × K B	R × Q Kt
13. K-Kt 2	K B-B 2	34. Q B × P	Kt-K Kt 5
14. P-K 4	P-Q 4	35. Q R-Q sq	Kt-B 7 +
15. P-K 5	Q P × P	36. K-home	R-K Kt 4
16. Q × B 2d P	P-Q Kt 4	37. Q B-Q 4 +	K-Kt sq
17. Q-her Kt 3	Q × Q P	38. Q B-his 3	K-his B 2
18. Q Kt-K 2 (b)	Q × K P	39. Q R × B	Q B × R
19. K Kt-his 5	K Kt-B 3	40. K B-B 4	K-his 3
20. K B × Kt	Kt P × R	41. P-Q B 4	K-Q 3
21. Kt-B 7 +	K B × Kt	42. K B × R	K × K B, and,

after some more moves, the game was declared to be drawn.

(a) Is it possible to conceive of a more superlatively execrable *debut* for the attacking player?

(b) Having sown the wild oats of irregularity he reaps the fruit of disaster, with defeat staring him full in the face.

(c) Mr. Thompson has incautiously allowed himself to get into a fix in which this innocent-looking but really subtle move changes the whole aspect of the game. From this point out the battle is close and interesting and, in some parts, exciting. It reminds us of years gone by, when we used to witness and often place on record battles between these veteran *athlets*, Col. Mead playing his well-known defence to Mr. Thompson's "Evan's Gambita," the honors of victory gracing equally either combatant in a long series of games.

A very entertaining skirmish in which Herr Loewenthal gives his Q R to Mr. W. G. Ward.—*Era*.

KING'S KT'S DEFENCE.

Loewenthal.	Ward.	Loewenthal.	Ward.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	9. Q B × Kt	Q P × P (e)
2. K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	10. K-Q 2 (f)	P × Kt (Q)
3. P-Q 3	P-Q 4	11. Q B × Q	Q × Kt P +
4. K P × P	K B-B 4	12. K-Q 3 (g)	Q-Kt 8 +
5. Q-K B 3	Q B-Kt 5	13. K-his 3	Q-B 8 +
6. Q-K Kt 3	K B-Q 3	14. K-Q 3	Q-her 8 +
7. Q B-Kt 5	P-K 5	15. K-his 3	K B-B 4 +
8. Q-K B 4	K P × P (d)	16. K-B 4, and the	

Defence mates in three moves. (h).

(d) The key to a masterly combination.

(e) The game has reached a point of remarkable interest. By this ingenious conception, Mr. Ward insures a speedy victory.

(f) Curiously enough he cannot take the Queen, on account of mate on the move.

(g) If K to his 3d, then B to B 4th (ch), winning in a few moves.

(h) Played by Mr. Ward with great ability throughout.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

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To Correspondents.

EXPRESS.—We do think that it's near time that the answer to your solution was at hand. We say a few words to G. W. F. below.

G. W. FOSTER, Sharman, N. Y.—"Express" says he has waited for your answer till he is tired, and has been out of his funds long enough; and we say you have been humbugging about the position till patience has ceased to be a virtue. We can see no excuse for your delay. Lightning don't strike twice in the same place, so that it's not possible your answer could have miscarried or been delayed. If your answer is not at hand for our next issue, we shall hand over the stake ($20) to "Express" without further ceremony.

A. B. HAWK, Cincinnati, O.—There are some errors in the American reprint of Anderson's work. It is "Anderson's work complete." It certainly is the best work extant. The second question we are unable to answer at present.

A DRAUGHT TOURNAMENT.—All the members of the Metropolitan Draught Club are particularly requested to meet at their club rooms on Wednesday, 8th inst., at 8 P. M., for the purpose of taking measures for getting up a Draught Tournament. We hope to see ever member present, so that the business may be briskly conducted, and be ready to start the play in the Tourney immediately. By order of W. H. BURR, President.

Solution of Drummond's 49th Position.

THIRD EDITION.

White.			Black.	
1..19	to	15	13	to 19
2.. 2		6	9	13
3..15		11, and wins.		

Solution of Position No. 40—Vol. XII.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.*

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..23	to 17	13	to 22	4..27	to 4	18	to 27
2..18	15	11	18	5..32	21	13	16
3..14	10	6	24	6..21	25, and wins.		

* This name should have been placed above the position of last week: the omission was unintentional.

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.	
9.. 3	7		
10.. 9	13	32	28
11.. 5	14	18	9

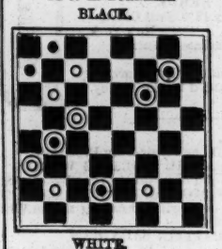
SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.	
12.. 6	15	17	10
13.. 7	14	31	27

Position No. 41, Vol. XII.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.

BLACK.



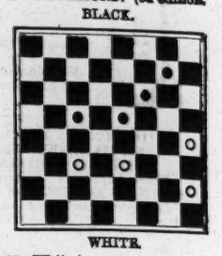
WHITE.

White to move and win.

The 50th Position

OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

BLACK.



WHITE.

☞ White to move and draw.

Game No. 57—Vol. XII.

FORTY-SEVENTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

GLASGOW.

Wylie, Black.		Martins, White.		Wylie, Black.		Martins, White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	12..11	to 15	24	to 20
2.. 8	11	22	17	13..16	19	17	13
3..11	16	24	20	14..19	24	26	22
4..16	23	27	11	15..24	27	31	24
5.. 7	16	20	11	16..15	18	22	15
6.. 3	7	25	22	17..10	26	30	26
7.. 7	16	22	18	18.. 1	5	20	16
8.. 9	14	18	9	19..12	19	23	16
9.. 5	14	29	25	20..14	17	21	14
10.. 4	8	25	22	21.. 6	9	13	6
11.. 8	11	(a) 26	24	22.. 2	18	Drawn.	

(a) The variation. Anderson plays 32 to 27.

Game No. 58—Vol. XII.

GAME in the match between Messrs. Luhrs and Clute, of the Metropolitan Draught Club.

LAIRD AND LADY.

Luhrs, Black.		Clute, White.		Luhrs, Black.		Clute, White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	19..27	to 32	31	to 27
2.. 8	11	22	17	20..32	28	27	18
3.. 9	13	17	14	21..28	24	30	26
4..10	17	21	14	22..24	27	26	23
5..15	18	26	23	23.. 4	8 (a)	11	4
6..13	17	19	15	24.. 9	14	18	9
7..11	16	24	20	25..27	11	9	5
8..16	19	23	16	26..11	7	4	8
9..12	19	15	11	27.. 7	14	8	11
10.. 7	16	20	11	28..14	18	29	25
11..17	22	(1)

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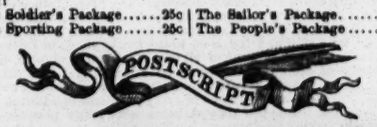

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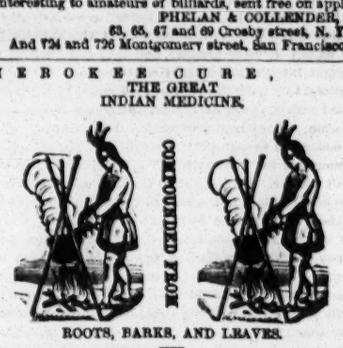

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City Summary.

MONDAY, February 6, 1865.

PEACE, troubled soul, has again been the great topic of conversation and remark in all classes of society, in every hall of amusement, in every place of resort. It has been discussed alike on Avenue Five and on the Five Points, in the pulpit and on the stage, in the fashionable restaurant and in the unfashionable coffee and cake saloon, in the grand drinking palaces and in the infectious gin mills; the newsboys and the bootblacks have talked it over while disposing of their papers and shining up the understandings of their patrons; gold gamblers and card gamblers have made it a subject for betting purposes; our neighbors across the Canadian border, even, have manifested a seeming desire that a peaceful result may attend the deliberations of the commissioners from the South and the popular author of "To Whom it May Concern." Although we have "our quarrel just," and are therefore "doubly armed," yet an universal shout throughout the land would rend the air, should the fiat go forth that peace and good will to man once more reign supreme. We are prepared for either peace or war, but would prefer the former at all times, with the Union for a basis above all other considerations. May the gentle influence of "dove-eyed Peace" weave a sweet spell of concession and conciliation around those who have the destinies of the nation in their keeping, and may our "erring sisters" be brought into the fold again, soothed but not disgraced. At our theatres and halls the slightest reference to Peace was at once hailed with the most lively demonstrations of applause. On one occasion, a gentleman who wore a determined aspect and standup collar was so enthusiastic when Peace was alluded to by a performer that he "rose at him," and proposed three cheers. We don't wonder. We remember the time when we gave an exhibition of Fireworks in the Park in honor of the supposed Union of England and America by means of a friendly line of telegraph. We became so enthusiastic over that brief connection that we actually set the City Hall on fire to give additional *eclat* to the event. What if the North and South should come together again? What if they should connect on the Monroe doctrine? Why, we verily believe the whole city would be set on fire as a burnt offering in testimony of our feelings in regard to the great alliance. Big thing.....We are just having about the gayest time this winter that we have had since water and whiskey were introduced into this wayworn city. What with theatres, minstrel halls, menageries, museums, concert halls, assignation restaurants, and skating parks, we have about as much fun as we can attend to. It's gay. And the women, too. There never were so many pretty girls running round loose as there are now. You see them everywhere. If they cannot persuade a "young feller" to do the honors, they "go it alone," and sometimes get euchred. On the skating ponds they shine resplendent with their bright eyes and five dollar curls. Many a young manly heart and ten dollar bill are taken captive on the cold, cold ice; many an erring son of a fond and doting mother is brought to an untimely end through the fatal influences of love's young and verdant dream, and many to their beam ends by other slippery causes. Girls fall, and we stand calmly by, and survey the scene with mingled feelings of sympathy and admiration. Did you ever see a pretty girl get spilled while skating? No? Now you did though? Well it's a sight worth walking one hundred consecutive hours without rest to witness. Just try it some day. Any of those innocent little boys who put your skates on for you will trip a girl up for you for five cents. "How do you know?" impudently inquires our Jim, who is in with the boys. Why, we've tried it. In the pathetic language of a sweet less now serenely smiling upon us, "we've been there."..... Went to the Fire Department Ball the other night. Were persuaded thereto by the machinations of a couple of devilish girls belonging to Brother Beecher's congregation. Pious girls are ten times worse than those of the worldly denomination. Between the two of them we were kept on the floor the entire night: first with this one, then with that; now a quadrille, next a waltz, then some other outlandish affair, whirling and twisting ourself into positions worthy of a sculptor's studio. Being squeezed by the crowd, danced almost to death by the devilish girls, and exhausted generally, it is no wonder that we weigh less to-day by sixteen pounds than we did previous to going to the ball. But it was a grand ball, and the widows and orphans' fund will be enriched several thousands of dollars thereby.

ADDIE ANDERSON made her appearance at the New Bowery Theatre on the 30th January, in the character of Mazeppa, which has become quite a favorite part with young ladies possessed of well-developed forms and symmetrical limbs. The theatre was crowded on the occasion of Miss Anderson's *debut* in this city, and crowded, too, with what may in truth be called "an appreciative and critical audience," so far as the play of Mazeppa is concerned. Miss A. has a pretty face and beautiful form, the latter not too lavishly displayed, but sufficiently so to enable us to pronounce favorable judgment. Her voice is "soft and low, an excellent thing in woman," her gestures good, and she seems to have a fair knowledge of stage business. At times, she reminded us of the great original, the far-famed Adah Isaacs Menken. Her actions, her smile, her voice are pleasing to the eye and the ear, and the applause she received gave evidence of the favorable impression she had created. We regret to say that the lady met with an accident on the evening of the 1st inst., by which she was severely injured, and which brought her engagement to a sudden termination. While on one of the runs, she came in contact with some of the carpenter work, which loosened her hold on the horse, and she was thrown from the animal's back; Miss A. was assisted to the stage, and managed to finish the piece, although suffering terribly. On the following night, she was unable to appear, and she has not appeared since..... This evening, Miss Mollie Williams and Mr. Felix A. Vincent commence an engagement. Let us all give a hearty welcome to Felix and Mary.

MR. C. WALCOT, SR., bade us adieu, professionally, on the 1st inst., at Wallack's Theatre, as De Boots, in "Everybody's Friend." One fact was made plainly evident that evening, the fact that Mr. Walcot, unlike good wine, does not improve with age. The house was full, but the entertainment did not give the visitors that satisfaction so desirable on such an occasion. Our earlier impressions of Mr. Walcot's acting were far more pleasing than those created by the closing scenes of his professional career in this country. We wish him every success in the land he is going to.

THE EXTRAORDINARY success which has attended the production of "Hamlet" at the Winter Garden seems to imply that many of our people consider Shakespeare as great a writer as Boucicault, J. B. Howe, Lester Wallack, Gayler, or any of our sensational authors of the present day. This is conceding a great deal we admit; and proves conclusively that the drama is making favorable progress, although somewhat slow. In competition with the gentlemen we have named, and legions whom we have not the time to enumerate, Mr. Shakespeare labors under a serious disadvantage, in so far that his works are presented without those very novel scenic effects and marvellous feats in which the works of modern writers are clothed, and which cover up such a multitude of defects in the authors' compositions. Managers do not give poor Shakespeare the same chances they do other writers. Modern novel effects are what we need to ensure the prosperity of Mr. Shakespeare's plays. Who doubts the success of Richard 3d if the song of "No Irish Need Apply" and the dance of "Sally Come Up" were added to the *role* of the crooked-back tyrant? Why it would run for months. And what a startling and unprecedented effect might be created by sending Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth up to glory in a whirling pasteboard sun, surrounded with blue and red fire, while the *ballet* and soldiers gave the impressive Ethiopian Walk Around of "Down in old Ky., Ky." And Othello, too; see what a capital thing might be made of this greatest of Shakespeare's dark characters by making Othello and Iago dance a double champion clog hornpipe, or sing "Larboard Watch, a hoy," with Desdemona and Mike Cassio in the background dancing an Irish jig? A grand and very attractive feature could be added to "Romeo and Juliet," by compelling Romeo to do the Zampillaserostation act in order that he might, by this curious means of locomotion, reach the arms of his lady love. What? Why it would run the piece for a year. Hamlet, even, could be improved upon by permitting the sad young man to sing "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" "When This Cruel War is Over," or something of that sort, winding up with Hamlet and Ophelia committing a double suicide in a fourth story attic by means of a pan of charcoal. We tell you, friends and lovers of the legitimate, that the beauties of Shakspeare have not yet been *half* developed. We tell you, too, that justice will yet be done Shakespeare, and that his works will in time divide the honors with the sensational plays of the writers of this enlightened age.

WE'VE got Italian opera again. Maretzek re-opened the Academy on the 2d, and has thus far done remarkably well, the attendance being quite fashionable, and not so noisy or rough as the crowd assembled there a few evenings previous to witness that badly-managed billiard match.

THERE is always a large party in attendance at the Varieties on Wednesday afternoon, at the *matinee*, on which occasion many handsome ladies are present to witness the entertainment. *Matinees* are becoming quite popular here, and it is worth while to look in at the Varieties on Wednesdays.....The Whettony Brothers, gymnasts, are now at the Varieties, and in combination with E. Bowers, J. Mulligan, Dick Collins, Hart, Jennie Engel, etc., help to make a good show.....The burlesque of the "Streets of New York," with the fire, and the fire company, is still given to delighted admirers. A lively entertainment is offered for a small price.

"FIRING the Southern heart" and firing the Northern city of New York are two entirely distinct things, the latter being an extremely hazardous and uncertain undertaking, while the former, from its many repetitions, is as easy as falling off a log, or getting into the last ditch. Those black fog incendiaries who sought to lay the metropolis in ashes, little dreamed that our detectives were on their track, accumulating fresh evidence against them at every step, until they ran them to the ground, and caged the vipers. That these dangerous characters should get their deserts is the wish of all loyal people. Had the incendiaries succeeded, they would have given us a real conflagration in the streets of New York. As it is, they failed, and now we can in safety witness a mimic fire in the "Streets of New York," now playing with such success at the Olympic Theatre, and where thousands weekly wile away their evenings in seeing rascality frustrated, incendiaries caught, and virtue rewarded. Beloved friends, if you have not witnessed this impossible piece, you will be rewarded for your trouble and price of a ticket by spending an evening at the Olympic.

IT IS TRUE that if you wish to secure a comfortable seat at the Broadway Theatre you must purchase the same in advance, for the house is crowded nightly, notwithstanding "Solon Shingle" has been withdrawn. In "Paul Pry" and the "Live Indian," John Owens gives us fun enough, in all conscience, to repay us for the small inconvenience of running up to the box office during the day, and settling with the treasurer for the comforts of the evening. What do we think of Owens' Paul Pry? Why its not the best we have seen, neither is it anything near the worst. It is good, but not great. John's "Shingle" is so perfect a piece of acting, that we are a little disappointed if *all* his performances are not equally clever. As for his "Live Indian," why it pleases the hunky doreys about as well as anything they have produced at the Broadway.

IN THE NEW minstrel hall in the Bowery this week we are to have "Cousin Joe," the "Black Chemist," "Richard Third," and the "Peace Commissioners," "Drafted into the Army," and then we'll have the "Kingdom Coming." Just so; once get the peace commissioners drafted into the army, we may be sure that the end is at hand. Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels make a deal of merriment by their queer sayings and doings, just as the funny Richmond editors do by their outlandish capers.

MRS. LANDER, after a retirement of four years from the stage, returns this evening, Feb. 6th, making her appearance at Niblo's Garden, in her own five act play of "Mesalliance, or Faith and Falsehood," in which she sustains the part of Leonie Arnauld, supported by Mr. Charles Pope as Ferdinand Viscount D'Orby. That the lady will meet with a most earnest and hearty welcome, there is no question, and that her engagement will prove successful in every way we have not a doubt.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM is still in the ascendancy; at least it attracts large numbers of spectators to the Menagerie, where beasts, birds, reptiles, men and things are to be seen in all their living glory, morning, noon and night. Some folks attend this show *all* the time, in hopes of some day witnessing a catastrophe in the lion's den. They think that the wild animals will at some unfortunate moment grow angry, and swallow Professor Langworthy and all thereunto appertaining. We don't share in these gloomy anticipations. The gentleman who enters the den of wild animals knows as well what he can do with them as Gen. Grant knows what he can do with the refractory Jonnies.

"BLUE BEARD" goes away from the Hippotheatron after this week—his nights are numbered; therefore, those persons of a Blue Beardish turn of mind who have not seen this great and persuasive pantomime must visit the Hippo. this week, else they will not have another opportunity..... How to leap, to ride, to do things of most wonderful remarkability, are here shown by a troupe of artists who have made these matters their peculiar study.....On Monday, 13th, a new spectacular pantomime is to be presented.

THE COLORED "Streets of New York," as given by Wood's Minstrels, has proved so pleasing, and winds up in such a laughter-provoking manner, that it is still retained on the bills. The fire scene in this piece is very effective, made to closely resemble a real fire.....Frank Brower and Glenn return this week. Since our last, both of those gentlemen have been called away to perform a mournful duty, the first to attend the funeral of his father, the latter the funeral of his mother.....Frank Converse, the great banjo player, has just been engaged by Manager Wood. As a player on that instrument, Mr. Converse has but few equals in the world.

"444." Lucky numbers for Manager Butler, who has no need to go to the oil regions while he has such an ever flowing well as the American. My! Have you been there lately? Why, it's a jam! What with Charley White's niggerisms, Tony Pastor's comic songs, the dancing of the girls, and all the other performances peculiar to a music hall, the American gives an entertainment well worthy of the patronage so liberally extended to this house.

ALTHOUGH the present Salle Diabolique programme is big with wonder and art, yet we learn that Mr. Heller has now in preparation something that will throw into the dark shadows of the past all his previous efforts. It is to be of the spectral persuasion, probably abounding in mystifications and apparitions of a docile character. It is said that it will realise the wildest dream of the Arabian Nights, and that is saying much. While the new affair is in abeyance, let us not miss the opportunity of enjoying the current programme.

THE WILLIAMSES closed their engagement at Niblo's on the 4th. They are now enjoying a few moments of blissful repose.

BENEFITS are coming into play at Wallack's. John Gilbert is up for one Feb. 7th. "Old Heads and Young Hearts" is the attraction.

ANOTHER new drama at Barnum's follows the "Union Prisoner," The new play is called "Azucena, or the Gipsy's Vengeance," and is reported as being full of romance, exciting incident, and powerful interest.....Tony Denier's dancing Giraffe continues a great source of amusement at this house of curiosities. The Woodroffe Bohemian Glass Blowers, with their two glass steam engines in motion, are fixed facts at the Museum; that they do their work well is easily seen, for it is transparent to every eye. We imagined that Provost Marshall Fry had been getting the Lightning Calculator to figure up our quota for the draft—it was done so fast; but the latter denies the imputation, and says no *correct* figgerer could have cyphered up so much in such little time, and we guess Huchings is right.

AT THE NEW THEATRICAL AGENCY, Frank Edwards proprietor, several musicians are wanted; he also announces that he is prepared to negotiate with managers for and in behalf of the Masters Sheridan and Mack, clog dancers. See his advertisements elsewhere in this issue.

A PLAY will shortly be produced at Niblo's, taken from the German of Madame Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer, the actress and authoress at the Berlin Court Theatre. In the original the drama is called "Night and Morning," and is a dramatization of Bulwer's novel. Mr. Chas. Pope and Mr. Dan'l Bandmann will be in the cast.

PANTOMIMES have from the earliest ages been popular among all classes of people. They were known to the Romans and were first introduced on the Greek stage by Pylades and Bathyllus in the reign of Augustus Cæsar. The ancients, however, never witnessed such a gay, rollicking pantomime as that which Manager Fox has produced at the Old Bowery. We have been there, and however much others may say to the contrary, we affirm that it is—to use the words of President Lincoln—"a big thing." "Old Dame Trot and Her Comical Cat" is decidedly the curiousest thing we have beheld since the days of the famous Ravel Family. The scenery is new, the tricks and magic changes are novel and striking, the costumes are superb, the music is excellent, and the whole affair has been gotten up at a great outlay of circulating medium in the shape of Uncle Sam's greenbacks. It is just the piece for an ill-natured man to see, for it will quickly smoothe his ruffled brow. It is just the piece for lovers, for it does away with the necessity of building fairy castles of their own. It is just the piece for the children—bless their dear little hearts—and fathers and mothers should not hesitate to take them. Mr. Fox is the very embodiment of humor, and never fails to create a hearty laugh. Go, ye weary and downcast, and smile at the irresistible drolleries of Sappy Saponaceous. M'dlle. Martinetti, once a member of the Ravel troupe, is an accomplished and spirited *danseuse*. Go, ye lovers of the beautiful, and gaze upon the bewitching form of the pretty Columbine. Words would fail to describe the delight which we experienced on the occasion of our last visit to the Old Bowery. The magnificence of many of the scenes took us completely by surprise and, with the music of the orchestra sounding in our ears, we began to think that some kind gent had borne us to the happy abode of Oberon and Titania. The last scene of all is a masterpiece of skill, and for beauty of design can scarcely be excelled..... The first performance of the new pantomime was given on Monday evening, Jan. 30th, to a house packed in every part, and in addition to the thousands inside the theatre, there were many persons on the outside making fruitless endeavors to get in. And so it has been all the week, and so it was on Saturday afternoon, when a performance was given so that families who object to night calls might have a chance to see "Old Dame Trot." It is one of the most showy and one of the most successful spectacles ever presented in this city. There are some new tricks introduced, which go off very well. Those who imagine that extraordinary scenic effects and magnificent spectacles can only be produced on Broadway, need but visit the Old Bowery to have their minds disabused of this erroneous idea.

MR. J. H. CLIFFORD, jig-dancer, sailed from this city on the 4th inst., for New Orleans, to join the Variety company at the Academy of Music.

MR. CHARLES WALCOT, Sr., sailed for Liverpool on the 4th inst., by the steamship Glasgow.

MR. CHARLES PETERS received by the last steamer from Europe the handsome sum of £10 in gold from E. A. Sothern. It will be remembered that Mr. Peters was the original Binney to Sothern's Dundreary.

IF WAS DAN. SETCHELL and not Edwin Adams, as stated in our last, who made the presentation speech in handing over a diamond ring to Artemus Ward. One of our Sunday contemporaries, in attempting to correct the error, does it in this most strange, though natural, manner:—"At a convivial assemblage, recently, Dan Setchell and Ned Adams presented Robert Haller with a ring. A certain journal, whose editor was not present, made an error in reporting it." Our learned friend, who must have been present, gives the ring to Robert Haller, instead of to Artemus Ward, and makes *Ned* Adams an "accessory to the fact." Our contemporary must be a little more careful when he attempts to point out errors in others.

ALF BURNETT commences his humorous entertainments at Dodworth's Hall on the 27th inst.

GREAT preparations are being made at the New Bowery Theatre for the production of Shakespeare's most sublime pieces, among which are "Cymbeline" and "Hamlet," which will be produced in gorgeous style. Mr. E. L. Davenport and J. W. Wallack will sustain the principal characters.

MR. F. B. CONYNGHAM, finding that he was getting more pupils than he could do justice to in giving thorough instructions on the banjo, has associated with him Mr. J. H. Sivori, the popular performer in the business, and hereafter Messrs. Converse & Sivori can be found at all hours during the day at their instruction rooms, 541 Broadway. Parties wishing to purchase a loud and full-toned banjo can always find a good assortment at Mr. Converse's head-quarters.

Dramatic.

MISS AVONIA JONES, the popular American actress, has met with success wherever she has appeared, and more particularly in Baltimore, Md., where she has made a very favorable impression in "East Lynne," and "Leah." So great was her success in the former piece that it had to be given at a matinee. A correspondent writing from Baltimore on the 2d inst., says: "Her rendition of 'Leah' evoked the warmest applause from those who had the good fortune to witness it, and it was pronounced in all respects, the best impersonation which she has given us. Her portrayal of all the wrongs and the misery of the ill-treated Leah, was a most truthful picture, and if she had appeared in nothing else during her engagement, it would have stamped her as an artiste of the rarest dramatic skill." On the 13th, she commences a nine nights engagement at the Norfolk Va. Opera House, and during the month of March plays in New Orleans.

VESTVALI concluded her engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 4th of Feb.

CAN ANY person give Sam Q. Hanzsche, of Cincinnati, O., information of the residence of Calvin J. Smith, formerly "leading man," and for many years connected with the theatrical profession? If so, address as above. There are letters in N. Y. Post Office for Smith.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE has been delighting the people of Elmira, N. Y., with pleasing musical entertainments, the various parts of which are artistically rendered by its several members. The *prima donna*, Miss Sallie Holman, is reputed to be quite a star in the "divine art." They closed at Elmira on the 4th inst., and are to open at Utica on the 10th, where, after such good things as have been said of them by the Elmira press, and considering that the Mechanics' Fair will be in progress, they should meet with success. The Elmira *Daily Advertiser* of the 3d inst. criticises their late performances thus:—"The engagement of this *troupe* ends with the present week. Those contemplating a visit to their entertainment should not fail to be present this evening, the occasion of the benefit of the fair, young prima donna, Miss Sallie Holman. The young artist has won many plaudits for the manner she has acquitted herself in the various parts she has undertaken during the present engagement. Upon her has rested the telling satisfaction of the series of versions of the well known operas introduced. This evening she repeats her favorite character, "Marie," or the "Daughter of the Regiment," which gave her so favorable a reputation upon the first evening's appearance of the troupe. While not aiming at the highest artistic attainments in music or drama, the company, all young in years, have quite astonished their audiences by the extent of the *repertoire* of pieces produced and the ability of the various members in their assigned parts. Of course with the facilities here afforded, there may be a lack at times of scenery and properties which would brilliantly set off some of the operettas they perform, but the dialogue and music so successfully woven in and sung with such well harmonized voices, have caused the hearer to forget the want of sufficient and appropriate scenic accompaniments. It is sufficient to know that their audiences have repeatedly testified to the pleasure of their entertainments, and have grown to admire the Queen, Miss Sallie, as the attractive feature of the whole. The entire company will give their undivided support in making her benefit to-night a decided success, supporting her with that ability they have shown throughout the engagement. Flowers and cheering *bravos* should greet the deserving and beautiful *prima donna* who has caused such unalloyed pleasure and satisfaction to the lovers of song and the drama. We predict that her benefit will be worthy of the beauty and worth of the fair benediciary."

A VERY PLEASING OCCURRENCE transpired at Titusville, Pa., recently, during the brief stay there of Frank Wild, comedian. In recognition of his merits as an artist and gentleman, a number of his friends presented him with a purse containing one thousand dollars. The chief donors were Messrs. G. R. Swartz, telegraph operator; L. W. Mabb, of Mabb and Harum's Restaurant; E. H. Crittenden, of Crittenden's Wholesale Liquor Store; H. B. Hill, W. O. Reed, G. B. Abby, W. A. Merrill, A. W. Hanson, A. Burtis, J. P. Taylor, Tom Spencer, E. W. True, G. Orris, C. Cannal, J. Needham, Washington Chase, and S. R. Stage. The presentation was made in fitting terms by Mr. Mabb, which Mr. Wild acknowledged in a brief but humorous speech. The occasion was a most enjoyable one to all parties concerned.

BEWARE OF THE LAW is a warning that should be heeded by managers of theatres, as well as others, for it is indeed "an expensive luxury" to be involved in, and those "to whom it may concern" should go one eye at least on W. J. Florence's card in our advertising columns.

STARS that wish to shine at the Milwaukee Theatre, which is to be opened by Manager T. E. Mills, on May 1st, should make application to him at the Broadway Theatre in this city. Liberal terms are promised in an advertisement in another column.

COMPLETE IDENTIFICATION is the goal at which all good actors or actresses strive to arrive in the representation of any character for which they may be cast. Few there are who are fully successful, however, but Miss Martha Wren, in her recent impersonation of Oliver Twist, at Washington, judging from the comments thereon by the press of that city, proved that she is one of those few, and the eulogies she received therefor are seldom obtained by one so young. Miss Alice is also possessed of talent, we are informed, and as the Wren Sisters they have an extensive reputation. Managers wishing to secure their services will address them according to their advertisement in another column.

A LOW COMEDIAN, now resident at New Orleans, wishes to make an engagement for that line of business. Managers desirous of engaging him should address Thos. M. Prather, as instructed in an advertisement in another column.

MR. CHARLES M. LEWIS, of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, met with a severe accident on the evening of Jan. 31st, while performing in the "Peep o' Day," by the breaking of a bridge, by which he sustained a compound fracture of the hand. He performed his part the next evening with his arm in a sling.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Binghampton, N. Y., has changed hands, Mr. George Coon retiring and giving place to J. W. Carner. Business was first-rate last week, says a correspondent "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was produced on Jan. 31st, and on Feb. 1st Florence La Fond took a benefit, playing Cynthia, in "Flowers of the Forest."

THE NEXT regular performance of the Olympic Dramatic Association will take place at Bridgeport, Conn., about the 1st of March. The following pieces will be performed: "La Tour de Nesle," "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," and "The Bride of Ludgate."

MISS RACHEL JOHNSON and B. Macauley were the recipients of a complimentary benefit on Jan. 27th, at the Apollo Theatre, Lexington, Ky., tendered by the citizens of Lexington.

GROVER'S GERMAN OPERA TROUPE was billed to commence a season of ten nights at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on the 6th inst.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the weather has been unusually severe in Columbus, Ohio, recently, large and fashionable audiences have braved the cold blasts for a peep at the "Felon's Daughter." This play had a run of four nights; it was then taken off to make room for "Romeo and Juliet," and "Katharine and Petruchio." This bill attracted the largest and most fashionable audiences of the season. Our correspondent "Joe" says—"Both pieces were well cast, and well put on the stage. The Juliet of Miss Olive Logan was very fair, as was also her Katharine. The Romeo of Mr. Evelyn Evans was all that could be wished, and his Petruchio—using the phrase of our Teutonic friends—mush better as good. The Mercutio of Mr. Simcoe Lee was the best that has been seen on the boards in this city; it was evident that he had a true conception of the part, and had given it long and careful study. Mr. John Ellsler's Friar Lawrence was grand. Mr. J. C. Howard and Mr. G. B. Hudson were also excellent in their respective parts. Our favorite comedian, Mr. James Lewis, was very funny as Grumio, in Katharine and Petruchio. This gentleman is the greatest favorite that has ever visited Columbus. Mr. E. A. Locke as the Tailor was also good. Next came Lucrezia Borgia, with Miss Olive Logan as the poisoner (her last appearance in this city). This play was also well cast, and well put on the stage; Gennaro, Mr. Evans; Duke, Mr. John A. Ellsler, &c. The piece was played so well throughout that it is impossible to mention any particular ones. On Monday evening, January 30th, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's beautiful five act comedy, Money, was performed by the stock company to a very fine house; a comic farce called the Dumb Belle was also given, in which Mr. Simcoe Lee and Mr. James Lewis shared the honors equally between them. Mr. R. Stephens, Miss Rebecca Adams, and Miss Isabella Howitt were as usually good in their parts..... Tuesday evening, January 31st, Mr. and Miss Couldock opened in Richelieu. They were to have opened on the 30th, but could not get here in time. The Chimney Corner, Still Waters Run Deep, and Willow Copse are among the business for the week."

THE EVANSVILLE, IND., THEATRE is doing, it is said, a good business under the management of Golden and Pierce. They will shortly produce a new piece called the "Quadroon, or Life and its Treasures," written by G. S. Cochran of that city.

ROBERT JONES, Stage Manager of the Athenæum, Cairo, Ill., took a benefit on Jan. 28th, which proved a great success, pecuniarily and otherwise. "Fazio" was performed with Mary McWilliams as Bianca, and the drama of the "Lonely Man of the Ocean" with the *beneficiaire* as Jack Jolly.

MRS. GEN. LANDER (Jean Davenport), was highly complimented on Jan. 27th, in the House of Representatives, for while almost every other private bill was "blocked" by the "objection" of five Representatives, no obstacle was placed in the way of the passage of a bill providing for the payment of a very just claim for the expenses of her deceased husband while making one of his wagon road explorations for government in the far western wilderness.

MISS AVONIA JONES still continues the attraction at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, where she has drawn large houses for the three weeks past. Last week she appeared as Gemea, the Hebrew Mother, Lady Isabelle and Madame Vine, in Taylenre's "East Lynne," and several other pieces. On Friday last she gave the *habitues* of the Holliday a chance to see her in both tragedy and comedy, appearing as Medea, in the play of that name, and as Julianna, in Tobin's comedy of "The Honeymoon," assisted by Mr. C. B. Bishop, the popular comedian, who sustained the character of Jaques, the Mock Duke.

MISS KATE FISHER and the sensational drama held Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, last week, and drew fine houses. Miss Kate appeared during the week in a number of favorite pieces, and on Friday night last—the occasion of her benefit—she was assisted by Mr. George C. Charles, the young and already popular Irish comedian, when "Three Fast Young Men," "Young Actress," "Irish Lion," and "Mike Martin" were produced..... Miss Fisher is succeeded this week by Miss Laura Keene and company, who open at the above house on Monday, Feb. 6th.

DRAMATIC TITLES.—Miss Lucille Western calls herself now the "Dramatic Queen." She has changed her being in one short year. Then she was known as the "Pearl of the American Stage." Maggie Mitchell is the "Princess of Comedy;" Addie Anderson, the latest Mazeppa, is the "Hippo-Imperatrice;" Adah Isaacs Menken is the "Queen of the Gymnasts;" Kate Fisher is the "Mazeppa of the World;" Leo Hudson is the "Mazeppa Queen," and Edwin Forrest is the "Pride of the American Stage."

THE CHARLES S. PORTER TESTIMONIAL, in Philadelphia, was one of the most successful affairs of the kind ever given. The committee of arrangements—Messrs. Henry B. Hellier, John T. Donnelly, and A. S. Pennoyer—give the following statement of the receipts, expenses, and profits of the entertainment:—Donations—J. S. Clarke, Esq., $50; Barney Williams, Esq., $50; Edmund S. Connor, Esq., $30; Mark Smith, Esq., $5; Owen S. Fawcett, Esq., $5; Col. Charles Naylor, $10; Miss Anna Marble, $5. Receipts of the House—$2706 50. Total receipts—$2851 50. Expenses—$515 53. Total handed Mr. C. S. Porter—$2335 97.

GALLETTI was the card of the Troy Theatre last week, but owing to skating carnivals and other out-door amusements, business was not large.....Our correspondent, "Bonto," says that the "Streets of New York" is soon to be produced there, Mr. Brockett being engaged in painting new scenery for it..... Mr. W. A. Mestayer is up for a benefit on the 9th..... Mr. G. Davenport and J. T. Herndon have already had their nights.

LESLIE MANKINS and Charles Wilkinson are said to have "struck it rich" with their new entertainment, and are delighting the people of Western New York. They were billed for Attica Feb. 2, Batavia 3d, Le Roy 4th, and Lockport 6th. The entertainment will be given at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 10th, as a "complimentary" to Lillie Marden, tendered her by her friends in "Boch." A "crusher" is set down as the result.

MISS BOWERS, the actress, has received from the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad Company several thousand dollars for having tumbled her trunks, containing her wardrobe, off the bridge into the Susquehanna River.

THE DRAMA of the "Streets of New York" continued the attraction last week at the Academy of Music, Albany. R. S. Meldrum appeared as Badger, and Jennie Parker as Lucy..... Mrs. Stoddart was announced to take a benefit on the 6th, playing the "French Spy."

CARUSI'S OLD WASHINGTON THEATRE has been leased by Messrs. Wallack and Davenport, for a season of six weeks, and will be opened under their management on the 13th inst., with the following people:—J. W. Wallack, E. L. Davenport, Rose Eytinge, Blanch Gray, H. Plackie, Mr. Walcot, William Hamblin, and A. S. Pennoyer business agent and treasurer.

THE WIDOW of Charles Bass died in Hamilton, C. W., last week.

"PEEP O' DAY" still occupies the stage of the Brooklyn Park Theatre, much to the gratification of the treasurer of the theatre.....On Wednesday, 8th inst., Mrs. Conway takes a benefit, on which occasion the "Irish Heiress" is to be performed, Mrs. Conway taking the part of Norah Merrion, and Mr. Conway that of Sir William Daventry, a personation in which he is said to equal the best representative of the character on the stage.

MARETZEK will again open with opera at the Brooklyn Academy, on Thursday, Feb. 9th, when "Fra Diavolo" is to be presented. In raising subscriptions this time, he brought the excitement and attraction of the lottery system to bear upon the citizens of Brooklyn, but even with this assistance he failed to induce as large a number to subscribe as before.

"CINDERELLA" was in active preparation last week at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter are the stars this week at the Pittsburgh Theatre. Next week they go to Wheeling, and remain one week, and then return to Pittsburgh for another brief stay.

J. W. LANERGAN, with a dramatic company, opens at Hewitt Hall, Ypsilanti, Mich., on Feb. 27th, and gives a series of dramatic performances.

EDWIN ADAMS has sufficiently recovered from his late throat disease to resume his professional duties. He was to appear at Wood's Theatre, Louisville, on the 6th inst.

A PLAIN-UP IN CANADA.—On the third night of Miss Fanny Herring's engagement at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, a flare-up occurred, in which a member of the company appeared in a part for which he was not cast, although his conduct showed that he is able to do all the buncombe and clap-trap business that may be entrusted to him. Miss Fanny Herring, we are sorry to say, disclaimed being a "Yankee," and seemed proud in proclaiming herself a native of England. It is to be hoped that she will not claim to be a "Yankee" when she returns to New York, where, as a "Yankee," she has made friends and a reputation. The origin of the affair was this:—"Lyslah, the Abandoned," was the play put up by Miss Herring, Mr. W. C. Pope undertaking the part of Nathan, the Apostate, to Miss Herring's Lyslah. According to one of the papers, from which we quote, "it seems that Miss Herring had remarked to this gentleman upon the evident want of preparation he had shown in his part in the stage play on the previous evening, and that, in order to maintain his dignity, he had thrown up his engagement at a time most inconvenient to Mr. Myers. The consequence was that Nathan the Apostate, the character Mr. Pope had filled, was taken, and creditably taken too, by Mr. E. M. Leslie, at very short notice. The appearance of the latter gentleman upon the stage was a signal for Mr. Pope and a number of his friends in the pit to hiss, and call for 'Pope! Pope!' After this had been repeated once or twice, Mr. Myers went to Mr. Pope in the pit, and told him he would have to behave himself or go out. At this juncture Mr. Pope considered it appropriate to turn himself towards the audience and strike a theatrical attitude. When he had arranged himself in this impressive position to his own satisfaction, he raised his voice to the tragedy pitch, and exclaimed: 'Gentlemen! I have a right to be on that stage to-night. I have been two years in Toronto, and I was insulted last night by a woman Mr. Myers has brought from New York. I am an Englishman, and she is a Yankee!' This 'British' eloquence evidently had an effect, and created a temporary diversion in Pope's favor. Mr. Myers expressed his regret that the audience should be exposed to such unpleasant interruption, and Miss Herring came forward to the foot-lights and said that she had to regret that the first insult she had received since she left England should be before a Canadian audience. *She was not a Yankee*, but was born in England, a great deal more than Mr. Pope could truly say. *She thought there was little doubt that he was a Yankee*, and at any rate she was a woman, and as such could claim the sympathy of a British audience. By this time the popular sympathy had evidently changed, and besides cheers for Miss Herring and Mr. Myers, there appeared to be a strong conviction among the people in the pit that Pope deserved nothing better than to be put out. Mr. Myers, however, restored quiet, and the play proceeded."

"EVERY MAN'S COAT HAS A HOLE IN IT, OR THE MAN OF MYSTERY," a new sensation drama by Charles Horsman, of London, together with all the gags and business marked, can be obtained by managers through Messrs. Conner and Lea, as stated in an advertisement elsewhere.

ON THE OCCASION of Fanny Herring's benefit, at the Toronto Lyceum, on the 27th ult., she produced the "French Spy" and "Sketches in India," to a crowded house, giving the "indefatigable treasurer" some trouble to handle the silver fast enough. It was thought that some female Mazeppa would succeed "The Herring."

THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, Pa., is advertised by Messrs. Allinson and Hincken as to be let for the month of March next. For address see elsewhere.

THE BONIFACE AND NEWTON ALLIANCE commenced a fifteen nights' engagement, on Feb. 2d, at Fort Wayne, Ind.

AT PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, Cincinnati, the Warren Combination was the attraction last week. On the 1st inst., "Sweethearts and Wives" and "Paul Pry." A correspondent says:—"As Billy Lackaday, Warren was excellent, and as Paul Pry he was immense, fairly keeping the house in a roar from his first appearance until the fall of the curtain. Miss Josie Orton, as Harry Stanley, the thoughtless, rollicking sailor boy, was capital. 'London Assurance' was performed on the 3d, followed by a terpsichorean divertissemeat by the Zavistowski troupe."

AT WOOD'S THEATRE, Cincinnati, a series of pieces were performed last week by the stock company. The non-arrival of Edwin Adams, in consequence of sickness, and the non-appearance of Miss Adah Gray, in consequence of an unfortunate accident upon the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, materially disarranged the movements of the manager. The "Irish Emigrant" and "Pocahontas" were performed on the 1st inst.

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH and Miss Lotta are at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, this week.

AT WOOD'S THEATRE, Chicago, the exciting drama, the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," was still being performed to capital houses. Our correspondent, "Argus," says:—"It has had a run of about ten nights, and has become more popular on each representation. This is due to the excellence of the cast, which includes Mr. Frank E. Aiken, A. D. Bradley, McManus, Little, Rogers, Price, Mrs. Perrin, Mrs. Stoneall, and the Misses

when the company presented a beautiful set of service of the value of $150 to the proprietor, Mr. Samuel Fitzpatrick, as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held by them. Gus Clark made the presentation speech in hearty and fluent style, to which the grateful recipient of the service responded in subdued, but eloquent terms. At the conclusion of the musical and congratulatory ceremonies, all assembled at the festive board, and a feast of reason and a flow of soul continued until morning. There is an extensive company at the Gayety, but its numbers are to be added to, as people are advertised for in this issue of the CLIPPER.

AT THE ATHENÆUM VARIETIES, Cleveland, Ohio, a programme of varieties is nightly given by a full and efficient company, which includes Harry Wharfe, Frank Lum, W. B. Fox, Nick Griste, Johnny Fielding, Emma Porter, Emma Mason, M'lle Rosetta, Lizzie Smith, Fanny Porter, and Masters George and Eddy. A. Montpelier is proprietor and manager; Frank Lum, stage manager; and W. Heydler, leader of orchestra.

DON SANTIAGO GIBBONOISE, having just terminated an engagement at 444 in this city, is at liberty to accept short engagements with first class managers. He is one of the best contortionists in the business. See his advertisement elsewhere.

GALLETTI is performing this week at the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, and remains there two weeks; she goes thence to the Rochester Theatre, commencing on the 20th. Managers wishing to secure the services of this popular *danseuse*, can do so through Messrs. Conner and Lea.

M'LLE ERNESTINE DE FAISER, the very clever *danseuse*, can be engaged through her agents, Messrs. Conner and Lea. See advertisement.

Circuses.

CHARLEY NOYES, of Thayer & Noyes' Circus, purchased two valuable horses last week in Buffalo. One of the animals was a dapple gray Toronto Chief stallion, for which $1200 was paid, and the other a fine Kentucky stallion, "May Duke," which brought $660.

A SECOND HAND ROUND TOP CANVAS is wanted. See advertisement in this week's CLIPPER

THE THAYER AND NOYES PARTY intend commencing their season at Washington on March 20th, under canvas.

JAMES MELVILLE, the Australian rider, will be the next star at the circus in Philadelphia. He opens there next week.

COOKE, the clown, Tom King and wife, and the performing "monk" Victor, go with the Thayer and Noyes Show next season.

THE COMPANY now performing at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, close there on March 1st, and it is very likely that they will go thence to Washington for a short season, under canvas.

GARDINER AND HEMMINUS open the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, March 1st, with their circus company, to get in good working order for the approaching tenting season.

MONKEYS are wanted—the real Simon Pure monkeys. See advertisement.

MISS JESSIE ENGLE, vocalist, and W. B. Cavanaugh, vocalist, comedian, and clown, can be secured by managers to travel during the approaching season, as will be seen by Messrs. Conner & Lea's advertisement in another column.

S. O. WHEELER, of Boston, fell from one of his show wagons last week, and fractured his left arm so severely that for a time his physicians feared amputation would be necessary, but all danger of this is now passed; he is slowly recovering.

THAT CLOWN AND COMIC SINGER, Mell Crowe by name, is prepared to negotiate for the season of 1865 with circus managers. See his address in his advertisement in another column.

Miscellaneous.

THE SUCCESS of Madame Carlotta Pozzoni, the soprano, and Mr. E. M. Powers, the tenor, among the people of the great West, is unequivocal, and their late engagement at Columbus resulted in a series of crowded houses. At the New Theatre, Leavenworth, where they now are, their vocalizations meet with hearty approval. As the people of the East would, no doubt, like to hear them, we call the attention of managers to the fact that they may be engaged through Mr. J. A. Pozzoni as per advertisement in another column.

JACKSON HAINES, the American skater, had arrived in Paris from London, just in time to get one day on the ice. He had been at the Crystal Palace, London, nine weeks, appearing on the parlor skates. It was thought he would appear before the Emperor, on parlor skates, the ice having disappeared. He was to have left Paris for Hamburg on the 16th Jan., thence for Copenhagen, Denmark, Christiana, and Norway, that being as far North as he could find people to attend his exhibition. In the following note Mr. Haines says there is a party here using his name. If so, he must use it in a very quiet way, for we have heard nothing of him before:

PARIS, HOTEL DE LILLE ET D'ALBION, January 12th, 1865.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER: Understanding that there is some person in the United States using my name as Professor of Skating, justice to the public demands that I should inform them of my absence in Europe, where I contemplate remaining for one or two years at least.—Yours respectfully,

JACKSON HAINES, the American Skater.

A GOOD REPUTATION is one of those things most to be coveted, and the fortunate possessor thereof is intrinsically more wealthy than the possessor of millions in greenbacks, or even specie This is no new theory, as those familiar with Shakespeare will find the same sentiment, differently stated, in the quotation, "Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls," &c.—hence it must have been with a great degree of satisfaction and honest pride that the well known showman, C. Amory Bruce, read the following *en dit*, which we quote from the Syracuse *Courier and Union* of January 23d.: "Through our familiarity with our worthy friend, Mr. C. Amory Bruce, who is now at the head of the Mammoth Gift Entertainment which is nightly dispensing numerous valuable presents among large audiences at Wieting Hall, we were permitted to glance at a letter which that gentleman received from a prominent and professional gentleman of New York city, tendering him an important engagement at the very munificent salary of $5,000, aside from travelling and other expenses, for one year's services. Mr. Bruce's energetic character as one of the most sterling and reliable business men of the present stirring times, has led to this offer with a view of engaging him as *advance courier* for one of the most extensive shows ever put upon exhibition in this country. The wonderful success with which he is meeting at the head of the Mammoth Gift Show, now entertaining our citizens, will, we think, deter him from accepting this liberal offer, at least for the present, and he cannot but regard it as highly complimentary to his capabilities and sterling worth. Bruce & Co's Great Metropolitan Gift Troupe is undoubtedly the wealthiest in the country, and the opening night at Wieting Hall on Thursday netted the handsome receipts of $320, and the entertainment throughout, as well as the elegant gifts distributed at its close, received hearty applause from the audience. We cannot omit this occasion to say that we heartily rejoice at the present success and future bright prospects of our genial and energetic friend, Mr. Bruce, as he is a gentleman of culture, possessing such fine talents as are rarely found in others of his profession. Our columns can attest to his scholarly and poetic abilities, as they have been on one or two instances graced with sweet and tender effusions from his pen, such as always awaken the most lively and endearing emotions in our better nature. This notice is a voluntary one on our part, and as evidence that it has not been sought for or even hinted at by the gentleman who is the subject thereof, we may mention that Mr. Bruce has left for the West, and we take this liberty in the use of his name without his knowledge or consent. Good luck seems to follow him, and as he is a most deserving candidate for future prosperity, we certainly have no desire to see that quality abridged."

A NEW ENTERPRISE is about being started by Messrs. Gardner and Livingston, who have organised a "Great Ballet and Ravel Pantomime Troupe," which, by a glance at the names, will at once be recognised as containing some of the most talented artists of "the age we live in." Among them are M'lle Lina Windel, the Misses Agnes Sutherland, Maggie Nichols, and Maggie Willet; Mons. John Denier, Joe English, J. N. Carr, with C. Hillsborough, late of Rumsey's Minstrels, as business manager. Now, if this troupe is not calculated to please the people with their talented performances, we know of no troupe that is, and we look upon it that success in their tour among the principal cities of the east and west may be set down as a foregone conclusion.

SOMERBY'S VARIETY SHOW will appear in the following towns: Tiffin, Ohio, Feb. 7th; Newark, 8th; Cleveland, 9th; Painsville, 10th; Ashtabula, 11th; Dunkirk, N. Y., 13th and 14th; and Lockport, 15th and 16th.

THE PEAK FAMILY of bell ringers performed at Cleveland, Ohio, three days last week, closing there Feb. 1st. On the 2d they were at Wellington, and were billed ahead as follows: Shelby, 3d; Delaware, 4th; Columbus, 6th, 7th and 8th; thence to Dayton and Cincinnati.

DAVIES & Co's Polyorama closed at Poughkeepsie Feb. 1st, and was at Paterson, N. J., on the 4th.

Mr. CORNELIUS P. BROWER, father of the popular Negro comedian "Uncle" Frank Brower, died in Philadelphia Jan. 30th, in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Brower was very well known in Philadelphia, more particularly by the frequenters of the *Old* Arch-street Theatre, where he was attached for a long time as doorkeeper. He was familiarly called "Pop" Brower.

ALF. HOWARD, "musicianist," was at Noblesville on the 28th Jan., on his way to Indianapolis. Alf. don't play on a harp of a *thousand* strings, but he *does* play on a fiddle of one string, "and thereby gained great fame."

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL, the fascinating French and Spanish *danseuse*, appears to attain the very acme of popularity in all her engagements, and the desire to witness her graceful and intrepid performances appears to be on the increase. The lady is now performing at the Varieties Theatre, Detroit, Mich., and managers wishing to secure her services can do so by addressing M. W. Hanley at that establishment.

GOOD SCENIC AND PANORAMIC ARTISTS are very frequently enquired for; therefore it is that we call attention to the advertisement of Mr. John F. Libby, in another part of this issue, by which it will be seen that he is well up in his art, both in allegorical designs and in transferring life scenes to canvas.

PROF. FOWLER has been feeling the bumps of the Trojans. Some of the people up there have awful big bumps, something like the bumps on a Bactrian camel. The Professor managed to get over them, however.

BROTHER E. CHAPIN lectured before the Young Men's Association of Troy, on Jan. 31, to a bully house.

A PANTOMIMIST AND DANCER, formerly connected with the troupe Denier, W. S. Martine by name, advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER for an engagement. Frank Edwards of this city is his agent.

THE PEOPLE of Baltimore are to be enlightened this week on the subject of Mormons and Mormonism by A. Ward, Esq., who commences a series of his amusing and interesting lectures on "guns," at the Maryland Institute, on Wednesday night, the 8th inst. The fame of his lectures in New York and elsewhere, and his success has reached to Baltimore, and we predict for him crowded houses and a liberal outpouring of "the needful."

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC presented a beautiful sight on Friday night, Feb. 3d, on which occasion the stage was occupied by between four and five hundred beautiful girls, all attired in white dresses, scholars of the Packer Collegiate Institute, the occasion being a grand concert given for the purpose of raising funds to erect an organ for the Institute Chapel. Over 3,000 persons occupied the auditorium.

MR. THOS. WARBURST, late agent for the Continental Old Folks, joined Artemus Ward in Philadelphia last week.

A NEW COMPANY called Gardiner & Livingston's Ravel Troupe, started out last week, opening at New Haven for three nights, where, we are told, they did a good business; also at Hartford, Ct. Among the troupe are John Denier, M'lle Lina Windell, Millie Francis and Joe English. They are a pretty strong team, and are managed by one of the best men in the business, Mr. Chas. Hillsburgh. They proceed to Springfield, then jump over into Albany, &c.

ARTEMUS WARD had a gay week of it at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, his curious lecture on "Mormon Life" affording the Quakers a great deal of amusement, and himself a great deal of fruitful currency.

JOHN W. WEBSTER, the polyphonist, has been performing in the famous shoe towns of Bridgewater, Randolph, and Stoughton, Mass. The Boston *Waverly Magazine* says: "Mr. Whiston is the most talented performer in this line we have ever seen. We would advise all parents to take their families to see his exhibition, for both instruction, and wholesome amusement are afforded." This week he visits Plymouth and other towns in that vicinity.

COSTUMES can be obtained at all times, from the well known dramatic agents, Messrs. Conner and Lea.

JOSH BILLINGS lectured in Lockport, N. Y., on Jan. 31, to a fair house.

A TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS recently did a nice business with their entertainments in Lockport, N. Y.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE performed three nights last week, to excellent houses, at the Fort Wayne Theatre. On the 3d, they opened at Toledo. Their late stay in Chicago was prolonged from two nights to six, business improving each night.

HARRY LESLIE, rope-walker and pantomimist, is at present at Niagara Falls, making preparations to walk the rope across the Falls at the same spot that Blondin operated. He proposes an early visit to California.

SIGNOR BLITZ, magician and ventriloquist, is holding forth this week at Odd Fellow's Hall, Washington.

FULLER'S PANORAMA OF PILGRIM'S PROGRESS opened at Saccarappa, Me., on the 4th, for two evenings. The show was to go thence to Standish on the 7th; Cornish, 8th; Parsonfield, 9th; and Limo, 10th. George W. Gates is ahead as agent.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Endinburgh, as briefly noticed in our last, was totally destroyed by fire, which originated in the following manner:—Shortly before the hour mentioned a gas-man, named Cassey, who was employed on the establishment, proceeded, in the discharge of his ordinary duty, to light up the rows of gas-jets which run along what are called the "borders," or little strips of painted canvas which are stretched across the tops of the scenes to hide the machinery behind. These "border" lights, which are intended to cast a powerful reflection on the stage, are generally lighted before the men go to tea, and it appears that on Friday, Cassey commenced to do this a little earlier than usual, because the occasion was to be what is called a "juvenile night," when the pantomime preceded the other entertainments. He had lit up the second row, and was attending to the first, when the border accidentally caught fire—an occurrence which is said to have happened on former occasions without serious consequences, the border having been torn away in time to prevent the fire spreading. On this occasion, however, the flames spread so rapidly that the man was unable to get the border down in time, and he rushed along the "flies," or wooden stages upon which the men walk when regulating the scenery, and called to his assistance the head carpenter, Stewart, an assistant named Glen, and Syme, the fireman. The men had been adjusting the scenes for the pantomime when this alarm was given, and they at once ran to the "flies," and, by cutting down the borders and backing away the side scenes, strove to prevent the fire gaining a mastery. Syme, the most experienced of the men, tried to adjust the hose in order to put out the fire by means of the plentiful supply of water which is kept in tanks and pails ready for such an emergency. While thus engaged he was unfortunately overcome by the dense smoke, and the other men ran to rescue him. Meanwhile the flames spread with almost incredible rapidity, and the scenes, on account of the oils and turpentines applied to the canvas, were in a few minutes wrapped in a sheet of flame; the wooden "grooves" and stagings aloft quickly caught the flames, and the fire was speedily roaring to the roof. So rapid was the conflagration that the few men in the house had barely time to escape, after they saw their attempts to extinguish the flames were hopeless. Stewart, the head carpenter, fell in one of the galleries, overcome by the smoke, but he was aided by his comrades, and they all got uninjured out of the building. The only other person in the theatre besides those above named was the property man, who succeeded with difficulty in making his way to the balcony in front of the theatre, whence he was rescued by means of a ladder.

MR. VINCENT WALLACE, the eminent musical composer, was at last accounts seriously ill at Paris, and not expected to recover.

DURING 1864 the following operas (English and Italian) have been produced in London:—Faust, She Stoops to Conquer, Norma, Trovatore, Le Prophete, William Tell, Rigoletto, Falstaff, Il Barbiere, Stradella, Otello, Fidelio, Mirella, L'Etoile du Nord, Helvellyn, Love's Ransom, Bride of Song and Punchinello.

ADELINI PATTI, after a brief illness, has appeared again in Paris in "Linda," and critics there say they never before appreciated this opera. Patti is soon going to Madrid, and her place at Paris is to be taken by a new soprano named Biaratte de Brigni, who is to appear in "Don Pasquale." Brignoli will go to Madrid with Patti and again try his fortunes there.

BETTINI and his wife Trebelli have been winning successes in various Italian operas in Warsaw.

CARLOTTA PATTI's latest successes have been at Strutigart.

MR. CHARLES BARHAM LIVINS died on Jan. 14th, at Worthing, England, having attained an advanced age. Mr. Barham was the adapter of several popular pieces from the French, to which he frequently added some graceful ballads of his own composition. He was the joint author, with Mr. Kenney, of the English version of the opera of "Masaniello." The musical piece of "Maid or Wife; or, the Deceiver Deceived," produced more than forty years ago at Drury Lane, London, may also be mentioned as among the best of his contributions to the stage.

KATE BATEMAN was announced to appear as Julia, in the "Hunchback," to Henrietta Simms' Helen, on Jan. 30th, at the Adelphi Theatre, London, "Leah" having proven, on its reproduction, a dead cock in the pit.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN. Begins at 7½.
Lessee and Manager..... WM. WHEATLEY
MR. WHEATLEY is happy to announce that he has entered into a brief engagement with the distinguished Artiste,
MRS. F. W. LANDER,
formerly
MISS DAVENPORT,
Who, after a retirement of Four Years from the Stage, will make her first appearance
ON MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 6, 1865, as
LEONIE ARNAULD,
in the beautiful five act Play entitled
THE MESALLIANCE;
OR,
FAITH AND FALSEHOOD.
Ferdinand Viscount D'Orby.....MR. CHARLES POPE.
(First appearance after an absence of several Weeks.)
The Scenery, Costumes, and Appointments, Complete in every Particular.
Seats secured six days in advance. 44

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.
AFTERNOON AT 3,
NEW AND SPLENDID DRAMA,
AZUCENA;
OR, THE GIPSEY'S VENGEANCE,
FULL OF ROMANCE,
EXCITING IN INCIDENT,
and POWERFUL IN INTEREST.
Great Dancing Giraffe.....TONY DENIER
EVENING AT 7½.
REPRODUCTION OF THE GORGEOUS SPECTACLE,
RING OF FATE;
OR, FIRE! AIR! EARTH! AND WATER.
With all the original
SPLENDID DRESSES AND MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.
Previous to the Play, the laughable Farce,
THE STAGE STRUCK YANKEE.
MORNING AT 11,
PUNCH AND JUDY,
COMIC SONGS, ELEGANT DANCES, &c.
PROFESSOR HUTCHINGS, LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.
TWO MAMMOTH FAT WOMEN, 1,400 POUNDS.
LIVING SKELETON, GIANT BOY, 8 FEET,
MAMMOTH MONKEY, THE DRILL.
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS,
TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES IN MOTION.
CIRCASSIAN GIRL, DWARF, ALBINO BOY, LIVING OTTERS,
FRENCH MOVING FIGURES, AQUARIA, MENAGERIE, &c.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

BROADWAY THEATRE.
TWENTY-FOURTH WEEK.
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
as
PAUL PRY and THE LIVE INDIAN,
continues to realize from the general admiration
THE HIGHEST AND RICHEST TRIUMPHS.
THE HOUSE IS EVERY NIGHT CROWDED.
Those who would make sure of seats at night, should
SECURE THEM IN ADVANCE.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6th,
Third week of Poole's Comedy,
PAUL PRY.
MR. JOHN E. OWENS.....as.....PAUL PRY
Thirty-seventh night of the screaming extravaganza,
THE LIVE INDIAN.
MR. JOHN E. OWENS .....as.....THE LIVE INDIAN
Doors open at 7; Curtain rises at 7½ o'clock.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director, and Manager.....G. L. FOX.
SECOND WEEK,
AND UNPARALLELED SUCCESS
OF THE
NEW COMIC PANTOMIME.
MONDAY, FEB. 6,
AND EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
ALSO, SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
The new Pantomime by G. L. FOX, entitled
OLD DAME TROT AND HER COMICAL CAT.
Sappy Saponaceus (afterward Clown).....G. L. Fox
Antiquated Solderwell (afterward Pantaloon).....C. K. Fox
John Stout (afterward Harlequin).....Mons. Baptistin
Little Bo-Peep (afterward Columbine).....Mlle. Martinetti
Old Dame Trot.....J. McCloskey
The Comical Cat.....Master Timothy
OTHER CHARACTERS BY THE PANTOMIME COMPANY.
The performance will commence with
A CAPITAL DRAMA, and terminate with a FARCE. 44

THE HIPPOTHEATRON. Begins at 7½.
MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 6, and every evening during the week.
GRAND MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2½.
SEVENTH AND POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
of the Great Comic Pantomime,
HARLEQUIN BLUE BEARD,
with its
GORGEOUS SCENERY AND MECHANICAL EFFECTS,
COMIC SCENES AND INCIDENTS,
which have afforded unqualified delight to
THOUSANDS NIGHTLY.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF THE EQUESTRIAN AND GYMNASTIC PROGRAMME. NEW HIPPODRAMATIC MARVELS,
AND WONDERS OF THE ARENA,
by the Matchless Company of GLITTERING STAR ARTISTS,
UNRIVALLED IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.
NOTICE—POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF
BLUE BEARD.
As the New and Original Comic Burlesque and Pantomime which has been MONTHS IN PREPARATION, with New Scenery, Dresses, Appointments and Unprecedented Effects, will be produced
ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13th.

AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER GARDEN.
HOLIDAY EVENINGS
WITH
SHAKESPEARE.
THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON.
EDWIN BOOTH as HAMLET.
TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT,
The play is presented with
NEW SCENERY, MUSIC, PROPERTIES, AND MACHINERY,
in a style combining a
SPLENDOR OF PRODUCTION UNSURPASSED,
with strict historical accuracy.
"The stage, in our time, has witnessed no grander or more thrilling pageant."—New York Albion.
Doors open at 6½.
Curtain rises at 7½ precisely. 44

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Doors open at 7.....Commencing at 7½
NINTH WEEK! NINTH WEEK!
Of the great local drama entitled
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.
The production of which has proved the
GREAT SENSATION OF THE SEASON,
and attracted for the past eight weeks
THE LARGEST AUDIENCES
ever assembled in this theatre, constituting a
GENUINE AND UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE. 44

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
Doors open at 6½. Performances Commence at 7½ o'clock.
SUCCESS SUCCESS. SUCCESS.
OVERFLOWING HOUSES.
THE GREATEST HIT EVER MADE.
THIRD WEEK OF THE GREAT BURLESQUE ON
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.
INTRODUCING NEW FEATURES NIGHTLY,
Faithfully portraying the Vicissitudes of City Life,
THE RICH AND POOR OF NEW YORK,
Shown up in their true colors.
The Noble Fireman, The Rich Incendiary, The Happy Bootblack and the Wretched Millionaire, View of Union Square, Washington Monument, The Fire at the Five Points, &c., &c.,
Received nightly with unbounded applause.
First nights of the Champion Banjoist, FRANK B. CONVERSE.
Re-appearance of FRANK BROWER,
with the Star Troupe of the World.
Seats reserved in advance, without extra charge.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 44

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Engagement of the celebrated Comedienne, Vocalist, Pantomimist, and Protean Actress,
MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS,
And popular Comedian,
MR. FELIX A. VINCENT,
For a few nights only.
The great Drama of
THE CRICKET.
MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS....as.....The Cricket.
FELIX A. VINCENT.....as.....Didier.
JENNY LIND.
MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS....as.....Jenny Lind.
FELIX A. VINCENT.....as.....Gag.
G. LINGARD.....as.....Baron.
FRIDAY EVENING, Benefit of MR. N. B. CLARKE.

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
No. 585 Broadway, opposite Niblo's.
THIRTY-EIGHTH WEEK.
CONTINUOUS SUCCESS
Of the
AMALGAMATED PROGRAMME,
which forms the
MOST EXTRAORDINARY COMBINATION
of
THOROUGHLY ILLUSIVE CONJURING,
FIRST CLASS PIANOFORTE SOLOS,
CORUSCATIONS OF WITTICISMS,
AND ASTOUNDING REPERTORY OF MARVELS,
ever presented on the stage.
Every evening at 8. Doors open at 7½.
MATINEE ON WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2 P. M.
In Preparation,
THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MARVEL,
just imported from London.
Far Outrivalling the famous Ghost Illusion.

ALFRED BURNETT, in New York,
at
DODWORTH HALL,
on
FEBRUARY 27th.
ALFRED BURNETT,
The Celebrated Western Humorist,
and great
LEVATUR ANGULI ORIS,
will positively open with a
CLASSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
of a new character on the above date.

THE BANJO TAUGHT, by Converse & Sivori.
Loud, Full Toned and
PROPERLY CONSTRUCTED BANJOS
on hand, and furnished to order.
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GARDNER & LIVINGSTON'S
GREAT BALLET
and
RAVEL PANTOMIME TROUPE,
COMPRISING TWENTY FIRST CLASS ARTISTS,
Including
MLLE LINA WINDEL,
Premier Danseuse;
MISS AGNES SUTHERLAND,
The Scottish Nightingale;
MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS,
Aeriel Wire Performer;
MONS. JOHN DENIER,
The only rival of Blondin;
JOE ENGLISH,
The Original Comic Singer;
J. N. CARR,
Ballet Master and Pantomimist;
MISS MAGGIE WILLET,
Comic Singer;
AND OTHERS EQUALLY TALENTED AND VERSATILE:
ARE NOW ON THEIR FIRST ANNUAL TOUR THROUGH THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE EAST AND WEST.
GARDNER & LIVINGSTON.....Proprietors and Managers
C. HILLSBOROUGH (Late of Rumsey's Minstrels).....Business Manager
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THE EMINENT SOPRANO,
assisted by
MR. E. M. POWERS,
THE DISTINGUISHED TENOR,
THE BEST LYRIC STARS
in the United States, are now performing at the
NEW THEATRE, LEAVENWORTH, TO CROWDED HOUSES.
Their repertoire is large, with several New Pieces.
Managers wishing to negotiate, will please address
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TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.
EVERY MAN'S COAT HAS A HOLE IN IT;
OR,
THE MAN OF MYSTERY.
The above Great Sensational Drama, with all the GAGS and BUSINESS MARKED, by MR. CHARLES HORSMAN, of the Queen's Theatre, London, (a skeleton of which is now drawing crowded houses in Boston), together with all of BOUCICAULT'S NEW DRAMAS, can be purchased from
CONNER & LEA,
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EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY.—BOOKS,
PRINTS, &c. CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Caroline Richings, Lucille Western, Ada and Emma Webb, Mrs. Bowers, Kate Reignolds, Susan Denin, Charlotte Thompson, Kate Denin, Maggie Mitchell as Fanchon and other characters, 10 positions; Miss Bateman, 3 positions; Fanny Herring, 5 positions; Leo Hudson, Kate Fisher, M'lle Zoe, Marietta Ravel, Helen Western, and Adah L. Menken, 5 positions of each of the above, in French Spy and Mazeppa; Galetti, Kate Pennoyer, Lizzie Schultz, M'lle Ernestine, Zanfretta, and over 100 FRENCH DANCING GIRLS in character. The largest collection in the country of Photographs of Actors, Actresses, Generals, Statesmen, Works of Art, &c. 25 cents each, 5 for $1, and $3 per dozen. Also, a large collection of Plays, Theatrical Works, Books and Pictures of all descriptions. Send stamp for Catalogues. W. C. WEMYSS,
Theatrical and Purchasing Agent,
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Office 923 Broadway, cor. of 13th street. 41-tf

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MAMMOTH MENAGERIE,
AND GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION.
NOS. 539 AND 541 BROADWAY.
HYATT FROST.....Manager.
OPEN DAILY FROM 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M.
THE CATALOGUE OF ANIMALS taken the 31st of January, comprised the following specimens. Additions are constantly arriving.
TWO ELEPHANTS,
SEVEN LIONS,
ONE ISABEL BEAR,
TWO BRAZILIAN TIGERS,
ONE BENGAL LEOPARD,
AN IMMENSE GRIZZLY BEAR,
A SOUTH AMERICAN TAPIR,
or Hippopotamus of the New World,
THREE SLOTH BEARS,
ONE KANSAS BULL BUFFALO,
ONE AFRICAN ZEBRA,
ONE AFRICAN OSTRICH,
ONE BRISKA DROMEDARY,
with its CALF, ten months old,
ONE POLAR WHITE BEAR,
A SACRED BURMESE COW,
ONE CINNAMON BEAR,
TWO BLACK BEARS,
A VERY LARGE AFRICAN LION,
AN ASIATIC LION AND LIONESS,
TWO YOUNG AFRICAN LIONS,
A POONAH BEAR from Hindostan,
TWO SENEGAL LEOPARDS,
TEN GREEN PARROTS,
THIRTY-FIVE GUINEA PIGS,
ONE BLACK SQUIRREL,
TWO AFRICAN PORCUPINES,
ONE HUNTING LEOPARD,
ONE PUMA OR SILVER LION,
A MEXICAN NO-HAIRED DOG,
GOOLAH WAITE FACED MONKEYS,
TWO RAMAPHOOR BLOODHOUNDS,
TWO BLACK WOLVES,
ONE WHITE PEACOCK,
ONE AMERICAN DEER,
TWO JAPANESE MASKIN SWINE,
ONE CERVEAN ANTELOPE,
ONE LIVING GIRAFFE,
NINETEEN WHITE MICE,
TWO COCKATILOES,
EIGHT WHITE RATS,
TWELVE GREY PARROTS,
THREE KING PARROTS,
TWO AMERICAN EAGLES,
ONE AFRICAN RING PARROQUET,
ONE KING LORIE GRANDE,
ONE KING LORIE PARROT,
ONE QUEEN LORIE GRANDE,
FIVE ROSELLAS,
ONE BACTRIAN TWO-HUMPED CAMEL,
ONE CHINESE SATIN BREAST PARROT (extremely rare),
ONE CIVET CAT,
THREE CRESTED COCKATOOS,
TWO AUGOTAS,
TWO AFRICAN MUD HENS,
MONKEYS,
APES AND BABOONS
IN INFINITE VARIETY,
Too numerous to particularize in this catalogue.
ONE BADGER,
ONE SILVER STRIPED HYENA,
ONE SPOTTED HYENA,
TWO ICHNEUMEN,
ONE GROUND HOG,
TWO JAVA HARES,
TWO RACCOONS,
THREE RED FOXES,
TWO SPOTTED AXIS DEER from India.
ONE WHITE ALPACA,
ONE RED LLAMA,
ONE HIMALAYA MOUNTAIN GOAT,
ONE AFRICAN VALLEY GOAT,
ONE NEBRASKA ELK,
ONE CASHMERE GOAT,
TWO ZEBU CATTLE,
ONE FOUR HORNED PATAGONIAN SHEEP,
ONE ARABIAN DROMEDARY,
TWO SILVER PHEASANTS,
THREE GOLDEN PHEASANTS,
A GREAT VARIETY OF NATIVE GAME BIRDS,
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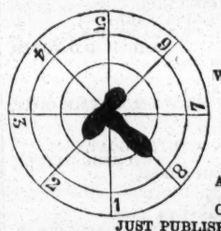

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